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WILLIAM ALLEN, D.D.

President of Bowdoin College

Wm Allen

WUNNISSOO,

OR THE

VALE OF HOOSATUNNUK,

A POEM, WITH NOTES.

By WILLIAM ALLEN, D.D.,

A MEMBER OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETIES OF MASSACHUSETTS, MAINE, NEW HAMPSHIRE, NEW YORK, AND NEW JERSEY, LATE PRESIDENT OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE, AUTHOR OF THE AMERICAN BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY.

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PREFACE.

In the following poem it has been the aim of the writer to utter truths and sentiments, which are calculated to enlarge and improve the heart and to ennoble the character. He could not deem himself innocent, if his leisure hours were given to idle, unprofitable minstrelsy; but, if his harp be so attuned to pure and heavenly strains, as that any should listen with interest and benefit, he would be shielded from self-reproach.

In the present unusual culture of a literary taste in this country he conceived, that poetry might be made, as it should be, the handmaid of religion. Among the principles of our nature that of fancy has a most important influence upon our happiness; and, if not occupied in idle musings, but wisely directed, it may lend illustration and enforce-

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ment to the weightiest and sublimest truths. The author, it will be seen, has adopted the form of a narrative, wishing to make the story the vehicle of truth and emotion. But the narrative is founded on real events, and never surpasses the bounds of possibility; it has also, as he thinks, the necessary verisimilitude, so as not to awaken a painful feeling of doubt and mistrust. He might have produced a philosophical, moral, religious poem, destitute of a story and barren of incidents; but there would have been wanting a common bond to link the different stanzas into one piece;—there would have been wanting also the power of sympathy, by which the concerns of a fellow-being seize strongly upon our heart, perhaps more strongly than all that is beautiful and grand in nature.

To those scrupulous minds, that revolt at every thing in the garb of fiction, he would say, that they can hardly have reflected on the multitude of parables or fictitious stories, scattered throughout the Holy Scriptures, and which were uttered by Him, who is the Truth. When the aim is to instruct, and not to deceive and delude, who ought to object to a

parable, or story? Indeed, instead of calling instruction thus communicated a fiction, it might be more proper to call it truth in the array of fancy, and to consider it as the visit of an angel in the form of a man.

He has been accustomed to think, that the interest and value of poetry depend much upon its being the expression of the deep conviction and strong feeling of the writer. Therefore he has uttered nothing but what he thoroughly believes; nothing but what he has felt. To most of the scenes described he has not been a stranger. He speaks from knowledge; and he cherishes the hope, that this little book will find a welcome in many a pious heart.

The writer has ever thought, that simplicity in writing is a great excellence; but he intends by it, not a childishness of thought, expressed in childishness of language, but natural, and it may be rich and affecting sentiments, presented in pure Saxon, in the most perspicuous manner possible, as one of our clear, northern lakes reveals through its transparent waters the objects lying at the bottom. Any peculiarities of style, which obscure the

thought or divert attention from it, he deems a defect; and such a defect, as if the lake was frozen, and as if the ice was formed, when the flood was unquiet, or with intermingled sleet, so that nothing can be seen below, and the eye is confined to the hues and shapes of the mantle, thrown over the clear waters. When the thought is of no value and there is a poverty of conception, we may allow a gorgeousness of diction and an inversion and obscurity of style.

The author is persuaded, that the stanza of Spenser is altogether preferable to any other measure for a poem of the kind, which is here given to the public. It has the advantage of partition into distinct portions of nine lines; whereas the solid mass of the common heroic verse is rather terrifying to the reader. It has the higher advantage of variety in the pauses. It combines much of the freedom and dignity of blank verse with the pleasures of rhyme. There is also a degree of elevation and magnificence in the lengthened, closing line of each stanza.

Yet to the unpractised reader of poetry it may at first appear somewhat perplexed, al-

though the rhymes are regular and invariable. But all difficulty will at once vanish, when it is considered, that each stanza consists of alternate rhymes, like Gray's Elegy, with an additional closing line rhyming with the eighth, and with the law, that the fifth line rhyme also with the fourth.

Of the capabilities of Spenser's stanza, no one can doubt, who is conversant with his Fairy Queen, or with Thomson's Castle of Indolence, Beattie's Minstrel, Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming, The Pilgrimage of Byron, or Southey's Tale of Paraguay. Of Campbell's Gertrude, with all its beauties, it may not be improper for an American to remark, that there is a want of correctness in the description, a failure in the keeping of the piece. He represents, that exiles from every clime met at Wyoming; whereas, the inhabitants were a colony from Connecticut. But this is a more pardonable fault, than to speak of the flamingo as disporting on our northern lakes, and of the everlasting aloes, and palm-tree, and crocodile as belonging to the natural history and scenery of Pennsylvania. This is like speaking of lions and camels in Spitzber-

gen, or bread-fruit trees in the highlands of Scotland.

It has been the aim of the writer of this poem—with what success the reader must judge—to preserve truth in the description of natural objects, and of Indian customs and manners. For the freedom of some of his rebukes he makes no apology. However indulgent we may be to the harmless structures of the imagination, yet eternal truth and immutable virtue have rights and claims, which are never to be disregarded; and none, who transgress the laws of either, whether maliciously or incautiously, should be shielded from censure or correction.

The title of this poem carries back the writer to his native village and the scenes of the earlier periods of his life. With the dear, distant vale are connected interesting historical facts, some of which are described with such meditations, as were suggested to his mind, and seemed adapted to his object of combining pleasure with important instruction.

Bowdoin College, Maine, Nov. 25, 1826.

SECOND PREFACE.

It is rare, that a long poem is published by a writer, who has travelled beyond the designated, scriptural period of human life; but, although the author of this poem is an old man, it was not written by an old man. It will be seen by the date of the first preface, that it was written thirty years ago. The history of it is this. While walking amidst a paradise of blessings, with one by my side more dear to me, than beguiled Eve, though exceeding fair, was to Adam, I composed this poem. If the thought of publishing it ever entered my mind, the thought was associated with its being read in print, as it was in manuscript, by the kindled eye of affection. But

at this moment of my bliss the loved one suddenly passed away, and this testimony of my love was buried with her,—but did not, like her, remain fresh in my heart; for it slept among my papers, until in the lapse of years I had forgotten its existence. At last my memory was awakened by my being called to deliver a poem at the Berkshire Jubilee, in 1844, at the assembly of the natives of the Hoosatunnuk Valley, in Pittsfield. But again I laid it aside, and have let it rest once more for a new period, longer than the nine years recommended by Horace. Recently I have read it anew, and have now concluded to offer this poem to the public in the humble hope, that it may find readers, whom it may please, and whom it may strengthen, in the love and practice of that, which is good. A few verses, it will be seen, are added to the poem in a separate piece,

which were written immediately after the funeral of her, to whom it is dedicated.

I now publish this poem with the same moral aims, which are expressed in the first preface, and of which, as the proper aims of poetry, Dryden was not ignorant. His words are:—

> "O, gracious God! how far have we
> Profan'd thy heavenly gift of Poesy?
> Made prostitute and profligate the muse,
> Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
> Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
> For tongues of angels and for hymns of love?"

A high responsibleness rests upon the poet for the correctness and distinctness of the moral and religious sentiments, which he utters; for error leads to folly and iniquity, and it is truth, which is associated with virtue and happiness. It is a base thing to pollute the fancy, and to infuse a poison into the heart; and it is hardly less injurious to inculcate error in contradiction

to the explicit and authoritative teaching of the divine word.

In looking at the great mass of English poetry it saddens the heart to think, how much of it bears an immoral character, and how small a portion of it is perfectly consonant with the ennobling principles of the gospel. The heathen poets praised their false gods; but many of our Christian poets seem ashamed to acknowledge the true God, and seem also to be ignorant of the sublime doctrines pertaining to the redemption of the world by the atoning sacrifice of the Son of God, who came down from heaven,—the most precious of all the truths, which can be brought to the knowledge of man.

NORTHAMPTON, Massachusetts, April 5, 1856.

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DEDICATION

TO

MARIA MALLEVILLE WHEELOCK ALLEN.

1.

MALLEVILLE! Companion of my earthly way,
Leading to bright and blessed world above,
In fleeting years gone by our feet did stray
In that sweet Vale, my harp to sing hath strove,
Whither I drew thee from thy much-lov'd
"Plain,"
Where Dartmouth's sons thy Father's care did
train.
In that far distant vale the elder born
Of our young flock first saw life's pleasant morn:
Dear then that spot to them, to thee, to me,—
And sure my song to please those, whom I love.
But higher aims my minstrelsy emmove,—
To teach the truth divine and godlike charity.

2.

The happy faces, smiling round our board,
We have in charge to guide where God doth dwell,
For all in vain for them is earthly hoard
Of treasure and of joy, as we know well,
And vain the pride of lofty-beaming mind,
And vain the glowing fantasy refin'd,
Unless with heav'nly hope their bosoms swell,
And for them treasures in the skies are stor'd.
Our toils pursue this high and holy end
From day to day,—their untaught steps to guide,
That they from heav'nward path may never bend
To stray in downward, crowded way and wide.
Yet oft the images of those, we lov'd,
The needful, wise admonishment do bring,
That we by sudden flight may be remov'd
From this our work, from joys that round us spring,
As quits her nest the startled bird on rapid wing.

3.

If this the will of God, and we should live
Within their hearts, as others live in ours,
This record of the truths we love, may give
Impression deep e'en to their latest hours,
And song may teach, when death our frame devours.
Their tabernacle too will death o'erthrow,
And bring each bright and beauteous structure low;
But, if they love, as we with fervor pray,
The matchless Friend of man, who did not hide
His face from contumelious array,
But on the tort'ring cross a victim died,
This love o'er death a victory will ensure.
Their bodies in the grave will sleep secure;
And when the great, eternal morn shall break,
And all from their deep slumbers shall awake,
Both we, and they, and all the good shall rise,
As we do hope, and with immortal wing
Mount upward to our home in yonder skies,

And for interminable ages sing
In strains, my harp to echo vainly tries,
And which transcend all mortal carolling,
His rapt'rous praise, who to the bliss of heaven
doth bring.

Bowdoin College, Dec. 26, 1826.

The Vale of Wassatunnuk.

CANTO I.

WUNNISSOO,

OR

THE VALE OF HOOSATUNNUK.

CANTO I.

1.

THROUGH Hoosatunnuk's Vale there flows the stream,
Along whose banks, in childhood's joyous days,
Oft have I stray'd and mark'd its silver gleam
And rippling surface, as the gay fish plays,
Myself as gay and happy, while the blaze
Of noontide sun o'er all the varied scene
Scatter'd profuse his rich, delusive rays,
Gilding the stream, and tree, and meadow green
With more delightful hues, than ever since my eyes have seen.

2.

Dear Vale, to vie with thine what strains shall dare?
Did ever warbler half so sweetly sing,
As red-breast, filling all thy od'rous air,—
What time the sun breaks through the shower of spring,—
With clear and hearty notes, that rapture bring,
Tuning the praise of Him, whose cov'nant bow
Is stretch'd in th' eastern sky on fairy wing,
And with his joyous strains, that ceaseless flow,
Shaming the thankless hearts, which with no fervors glow?

3.

Did ever wild-flow'r breathe perfume so sweet,
As thine, or ever bear so rich a guise?
The modest violet beneath my feet,
The lowly dandelion's golden dyes,
The moccasin flow'r, peerless in my eyes,—
Pluck'd in the well-known swamp of larch and brake,—
Now prun'd, alas, a meadow smooth it lies,—
With snow-white lily, gather'd in the lake,
All in my glowing heart the purest joys did wake.

4.

Fresh in my heart is now the village-green,—
Though distant far, and years have rolled away,—
Where church and school-house stand in graceful mien,
And where my eager childhood held its play.
O venerable Elm of proud array,
Whose tow'ring head o'ertops the temple's vane,
And both point upward to the realms of day!
Beneath thee oft by moonlight have I lain,
While thy vast shadowy length was stretch'd along the plain.

5.

And then the dark-blue mountain, on whose brow,
Like turban on the Moor-man's swarthy face,
The clouds were often wreath'd in folds of snow,
Rais'd his huge form o'er all th' incumbent space,
And seem'd the giant guardian of the place.
Not e'en th' Olympian mount on Tempe's vale
Frowns so sublime, nor with such awful grace;
And in my eye e'en Tempe's charms would fail
To match the beauties of my lovely, native dale.

6.

Pontoosuc then the spot, now Pittsfield named,
So call'd from him, whose voice the chapel shook,
Where England's Senate sate. With eye inflamed
With indignation, with majestic look, [strook,
With outstretch'd arm, and tones, which terror
He cried,—as liberty his great heart warms,—
"American were I, I would not brook
The wrong; and, while your hirelings spread alarms,
Never! never! never! would I lay down my arms!"

7.

These beauties live, yet all to me are dead:
Chang'd is the stream, and hill, and bird, and flower,
For childhood's wondrous garnishment is fled,
And many a dear associate of the hour,
Whose love bestow'd on all the scene its power,—
A father's holy face, and sister's heart,
And brothers' friendly hands,—are now no more.
Th' unpitying king has struck them with his dart;
And faded is the bliss, which nature's charms impart.

8.

The forms of vanish'd joys do haunt the scene,
And, hid from others, glide before my eye:
Ah, who can calmly see their mournful mien,
And gaze upon th' unreal mockery?
Yet, Hoosatunnuk! turns my soul to thee,
And rooted scenes still in my memory cling;
No force can tear them thence, while life may be.
Then let me to my God an off'ring bring,
While of my native vale with grief and joy I sing.

9.

Where Massachusetts' western bound is spread,
A river winds toward the noonday light
Through fertile fields and meads with flow'rs o'erspread,
On either side uprear'd a mountain height.
The vale, now grateful to the ploughshare bright,
Cover'd with English herds and flocks of Spain,
With pop'lous towns and villages bedight,
And waving with tall grass or yellow grain,
Was, not twice fifty years ago, a forest plain.

10.

It was a wilderness of various wood ;—
Elm, hemlock, maple, birch on high did climb,
But over all the pine in kingly mood
Did proudly stand with peerless head sublime.
The forest seem'd untouch'd from birth of time,
Save where was seen an Indian hamlet's flame,
Rising in valley sweet, where waters chime,
The place selected both for fish and game:
The river and the vale bore Hoosatunnuk's name.

11.

The Indians in this fair, retired vale
Were scions of the old Mohegan tree,
Tallest of all the trees, that feel the gale;
Their language spread from salt to inland sea,
With common root, but branching variously.
Their toils were chiefly labors of the chase;
They could not boast of skill in husbandry,
Save that for maize and climbing beans they trace
And cultivate by female hands a narrow space.

12.

Alas for woman in the savage state,
Doom'd like a slave to work her master's will,
And bear each burden for her lordly mate,
While he pursues the game o'er dale and hill!
Yet better far this drudg'ry to fulfil,
Than be the pretty, soulless, flatter'd thing,
In softness bred, shrinking from slightest ill;
For toil is questionless of health the spring,
While idleness can nothing yield but suffering.

13.

The red men in this solitary nook
From where they late had liv'd had hither fled;
For ill could they the face of white man brook,
Whose axe brings low the forest wide-outspread,
And opens to the sun the hunter's shade.
Yet even here they scarcely were removed
By one day's journey from the plough and spade:
The power of culture was around them proved,
Save to the north there stretch'd the wilderness, they loved.

14.

Along the mountain ridges they pursued
With zeal unwearied and with keen delight
The lofty moose, with branching horns endued,
Whose clatt'ring hoofs resounded in his flight,—
The shaggy bear, and deer with feet most light,—
Whose skins the needful clothing did bestow,
And flesh abated their fierce appetite: [low,
'Twas when a whizzing ball their game brought
Their eager minds with savage joy did overflow.

15.

Musquash and others of the furry race
Along the streams and lakes with traps they caught;
But chief the beaver, whom they knew to trace
By riv'let's dam, with skill and labor wrought,—
A wondrous work in animal untaught;—
Their broad, sharp teeth, like adze, the trees cut down,
And having rais'd the pond with wise forethought,
Above the wave their domiciles they crown,—
Well-order'd commonweal and pop'lous, thriving town.

16.

When thus of furs the Indians had good store,
They knew with white men how to urge a trade,
Their needments to procure with cautious lore,—
A shining gun, a knife with sharpest blade,
A blanket with desir'd adornments made,
Blue cloth to supersede their ancient dress,
With silver ornaments to be displayed:
But never, as they went, could they suppress
The love of Onkuppee, great source of dire distress.

17.

Seeing their wilder'd, heathen state with ruth,
It was resolv'd by gen'rous men and good
To offer them the light of heav'nly truth,
By which to scatter superstition's brood,
And lead them to the Saviour's cleansing blood.
Beneath the academic shades of Yale
Was found a Teacher of a noble mood,
With purpose firm, that knew not how to quail,
Content for Indian weal to toil till life should fail.

18.

O Sergeant! In this wilderness obscure,
Unknown to fame thy worth is greater far,
And joys, which gather round thy heart, more pure,
Than worth and joys of men renown'd in war,
Enrich'd and honor'd for each perilous scar:
For pale-fac'd coward may rush into the fight
Compell'd,—or titles dazzle from afar,—
Or scent of blood may urge with foe in sight,—
Or love for the high game may wake the hero's might.

19.

Self-conquest is the hardest vict'ry won.
To level stubborn pride with mighty blow,
Untir'd the race of charity to run
Midst shame, ingratitude, and care, and woe,
As rivers in rough channels ceaseless flow;
To imitate the God, who sits on high,
And sends his rain on good and bad below,—
This is far nobler—truth and reason cry—
Than car of war to guide with eagle's fiery eye.

20.

Such humble bliss full many may despise
And deem unfit to wake the minstrel's song;
But surely peace and joy are not the prize,
That crowns the cares of proud and courtly throng.
The mountain peak, glitt'ring with radiance strong
And seen afar, is rock array'd in snow,
While at its feet, in guise of freshness young,
The garden lifts its sweet and gentle brow,
And breathes the od'rous plants, which by the stream do grow.

21.

Were they estrang'd from bliss and dignity,—
The poor and humble men, whom Jesus led
Along the lowly vales of Galilee,
Himself not having where to lay his head?
He on the poor his richest blessings shed;
To them glad tidings from above he brought
Of life eternal, free from woe and dread.
Then look not on the poor with scornful thought:
Thou must in heart be poor, if heav'n is truly sought.

22.

At Wnahtukook there liv'd a worthy chief,
To hear the Christian story well inclined,
Who, while he look'd on heathen rites with grief,
Welcom'd the good man on his errand kind.
Full soon the truth shed light upon his mind,
And he was wash'd in laver undefiled.
Nor Kunkapot alone did mercy find;
His daughter too was bless'd,—a lovely child,
Like beauteous, fragrant flow'r, that springs in forest wild.

23.

Here liv'd in her sweet solitude the maid,
Secluded in her nook by mountain's side,
Save when, with journey soon perform'd, she strayed
Where Hudson's noble river rolls his tide,
On which the white-wing'd vessels swiftly glide,
Fraught with the riches of far distant lands,
And where the fort of Albany defied
Th' assaults of leagued French and Indian bands,
And frowning guardian of the city proudly stands.

24.

As thriving vine in this retired vale
Upon the river's banks spreads foliage fair,
And climbs the elm, unshrinking from the gale,
And hangs the purple clusters in the air;
So was her docile mind with pious care
To high attainments train'd. She learn'd the lore
Of near and ancient days; and she did bear
The fruits of mind and fruits of heart still more,
For which her gladden'd teacher grateful thanks did pour.

25.

Her cheek was not the white of driven snow,
But, like the glowing cloud of western sky,
Ting'd with a blushing hue, as sun sinks low;
A chasten'd brightness gleam'd from her dark eye;
Her raven locks were parted gracefully
Above her modest forehead, and behind
Two pendent, glossy braids did softly lie,—
As if to keep her tresses from the wind,
Which revels in the curls, that no confinements bind.

26.

A wampum belt compress'd her mantle's fold;
Her moccasins, with hedge-hog quills inlaid
Of various dye, her slender feet infold;
And these were all th' adornments of the maid.
No silken drap'ry was around her spread;
No sun-born diamonds glitter'd on the sight;
Her gentle form in simplest guise arrayed,
Her cheerful face beam'd forth serenely bright,
With greater power to charm, than if with pearls bedight.

27.

And there was one, whom her sweet face did charm.
Nay, gentle reader, in refinement bred
Midst crowded city's pestilential calm,
Think not, by erring prejudice misled,
That love his nets has ne'er in forest spread.
The wild wood-pigeon cooes his tender lay,
Where native forests' boundless waves outspread—
Nor with less soul, than bird with plumage gay
Pouring his song in cage, from which he may not stray.

28.

The Indian youth, who sought Wunnissoo's love,
Had been companion of her childish years;
His father's wigwam stood by walnut grove,
O'er which the smoke its wreathed column rears.
If Hoosatunnuk's vale to him appears
With every charm and every grace arrayed,—
Fairer than moon amid the starry spheres,—
It was because the image of the maid
Was mingled in his mind with stream, and grove, and glade.

29.

Mohekun was a manly youth; his eye
Was keen as eagle's in his rapid flight,
The distant game as quickly to descry.
He sent the arrow with the speed of light,
Nor fail'd the shining tube to aim aright;
The hatchet he could throw with guidance true;
In toils of chase he found a sweet delight;
The deer and forest game his skill might rue,
And from each stream the crimson-spotted trout he drew.

30.

Yet he was more than noble savage youth;
The good man's ceaseless care had form'd his mind
To love of virtue and of sacred truth:
By patient culture soften'd and refined,
Religion's power had made him meek and kind.
He lov'd God's holy book; on his glad eye
The light beam'd clear, while learning oft is blind,
For reas'ning pride the truth will ne'er descry;
'Tis nought but heav'nly light, that guides man to the sky.

31.

Philosophy has toil'd, but toil'd in vain
The erring steps to bring in virtue's way;
The furious passions heed not such weak rein
As fitness, order, and the just array
Of all related things; we need the sway
Of mighty arm to punish and to bless,—
The threats, that carry to proud heart dismay,—
The promises of endless happiness,—
And love divine to melt our heart's strange stubbornness.

32.

O bootless boast of vain philosophy
From error's chain to disenthrall the mind,
And wretched heart, enslav'd to sin, set free!
In Greece and Rome, by ev'ry art refined,
Philosophy no idol-victim did unbind,
Nor misplac'd prayer, from God withheld, set right.
In France she fought a battle of the blind,
And seem'd to triumph in the darksome fight;
But error never dies, till truth from heav'n shines bright.

33.

As in the gloom of night the thief knows well
To creep along, like silent graveyard shade,
And lustful paramour and assassin fell
Do then both innocence and life invade;
So, when the blessed truth of heav'n is stayed,
And ignorance prevails, then error walks,
And priestcraft plies its soul-destroying trade;
Then terrifying superstition stalks,
Or atheism the aim of heav'nly mercy balks.

34.

Nor is the aim of truth fulfill'd by pride,
Which, as it views the nations of the earth,
Their stupid idol-worship may deride,
Yet finds at home of holy deeds a dearth.
The name of Christian is of little worth,
And boast of light divine can nought avail,
Unless, as Jesus taught, a heav'nly birth
The wickedness of nature countervail,
And love to God and man o'er selfishness prevail.

35.

All this Mohekun's heart had felt and known,
For Sergeant, with a faithful pastor's care,
Had preach'd full oft of God's terrific throne,
From which the blazing, vengeful lightnings glare,
Smiting the wicked down to deep despair:
And oft he preach'd the Saviour's wondrous love,
As seen, when hanging on the cross in air,
And by allurements strong he often strove
To guide into the path, that leads to heav'n above.

36.

Nor did the youth alone his path pursue:
Among the travellers in the pleasant way
Wunnissoo walk'd with cheerful heart and true,
Her eye e'er fix'd on realms of endless day.
'"Tis therefore that I love thee,'—he would say,—
'For surely, wert thou still in pagan gloom,
Undeck'd with Christian virtue's sweet array,
Unfit to join the blest in day of doom,
Thy image fair should not within my heart find room.'

37.

That there was then a fellowship of love
Between the two will not awake surprise,
Nor that by rites, which God and man approve,
The two perchance were bound in strongest ties,
Unbroken until one shall gain the skies.
O, Milton! Thou couldst sing of this sweet bond,
When Eve and Adam walk'd in paradise;
But, like a priest estrang'd from speech well conn'd,
Thy practice to thy glorious song did not respond.

38.

O, blessed union of devoted hearts,
Of equal state and not discordant taste,
Intent on good, which Christian faith imparts!
They gather joys e'en from the dreary waste
Of care, and pain, and grief. Though time may haste
To bear them far from life's short weal and woe;
Yet brighter visions, than by poet traced,
As fairy scenes in his rapt vision grow,—
Visions of heav'nly bliss do cheer them, as they go.

39.

But fancy's rapid wing should be restrained,
Nor leave my slow-pac'd narrative behind;—
As yet this happy union is not gained,
Although their hearts the bands of love do bind.
Misled by hope, while to the future blind,
How oft are phantoms to our eye displayed?
Then let me now resume with balanc'd mind
My pleasant task, and sing with zeal allayed
Of young Wunnissoo, Hoosatunnuk's lovely maid.

40.

Her fingers ne'er had touch'd the flutt'ring keys
Of costly instrument, nor strings of lyre;
Yet she could wake a melody to please,
And charm the ear with psalmist's holy fire.
Let others listen to the numerous choir,
Who pour the flood of harmony along;—
The strain of single voice is my desire,—
A tender heart the prompter of the song,
And truth and goodness flowing from a maiden's tongue.

41.

Oft with her holy notes of joy and praise
The deepest solitude of woods would ring,
As though a hidden thrush did pour her lays,
Or robin in a grove did sweetly sing.
O, solitude! of blessed thoughts the spring,
Thy artless, heart-sprung hymns are heard on high,
While e'en the temple's labor'd offering,
For man design'd, can never reach the sky:—
In vain in ear of God is heartless minstrelsy.

42.

Yet oft with others' notes her own were joined,
When sympathetic flame of goodness blazed;
But still 'twas worship of the heart and mind,
Sincere, as when the first disciples gazed
On form, soon on the cross to be upraised,
And in a final hymn outpour'd their souls.
Let not such simple hymning be dispraised
By men, whom flute or viol soft controls,
For whom the wordless organ's tide of music rolls.

43.

Hers was a poet's soul; yet idle strains,—
Blending wild errors with the purest truth,
Commingling fantasies of heathen brains
With moral, Christian themes, as oft, in sooth,
In far-fam'd modern bards we find with ruth,—
She could not sing. Her teacher's prudent care
Had warn'd her of this fault of giddy youth
And older poets too. 'I will declare,'—
He said,—'the master's rules, which form'd such minstrels rare!

44.

'Invoke Apollo first, Latona's son,
God of the vig'rous bow and sounding lyre,
Whose well-aim'd arrows sudden vict'ry won
O'er serpent Python, fierce and breathing fire;—
Where fell the monster by his vengeful ire,
There, on Parnassus' hill, a temple rose,
Sacred to him; and there did he inspire
The Pythian priestess in her raving throes,
And utter'd Delphic oracles in verse and prose.

45.

'Next ask the Muses,'—Aonian Muses' aid,—
Pierian Muses,—all the Sisters nine,
Who trip it lightly in Parnassian shade,
Led by Apollo: see how they combine
All lib'ral arts, that soften and refine,
But chiefly poetry, of arts the first,
Infusing in the soul the gift divine:
They hold the springs, for which all poets thirst,
And give the harmonies, which from the lyre do burst.

46.

'Speak of Pierian mount in Thessaly,—
Of spring Pierian, gushing from the hill,—
Nor less of Pindus' height, that seeks the sky,
And fount of Pindus and inspiring rill;—
Castalia too, where poet drinks his fill:
Forget not the Bœotian eminence,
And Heliconian stream, that flows there still;
And ask to drink of all with thirst intense:
Let dull bards seek the inspiration of good sense.

47.

'Ne'er speak of moon;—say Cynthia rides her car,
Or Luna or Diana shows her face;
For sun say Sol, or Phœbus from afar
Beams on the world, revealing ev'ry grace;
Instead of spring Vertumnus must have place,
Pomona's husband after much delay;
Or charming goddess Flora you may trace,
Zephyrus' wife, whose wreathed flowers display
Each beauteous form and all the varied hues of day.

48.

'When yellow harvest makes the farmer glad,
'Tis Ceres crowns the joyous, fruitful year;
When danger makes the storm-rock'd sailor sad,
'Tis Neptune rages with his three-prong'd spear;
That warrior works the will of Mars is clear;
'Tis Juno sends the drizzling show'r from heaven,
And Bacchus gives the tippler his good cheer;
When lightning gleams from clouds, by tempests driven,
By bolt of Jupiter the gnarled oak is riven.

49.

'The Nymphs forget not, thousand Nymphs of sea
And land; the Dryads, that frequent the wood,
And Oreads, that trip the mountains free;
The Naiads too, who love the solitude,
Where fountains flow, or brooks in brawling mood;
The lovely Nereids in their ocean-cave,
Where lawless foot ne'er ventures to intrude,—
Nereids, whom sailors, when they tempt the wave,
Beg to preserve from deep, cold, drear, and sunless grave.

50.

'But last, not least, let Venus be addressed,—
Goddess of smiles and beauty, queen of love,
By all in heav'n and all in earth caressed,
With sacred claim to myrtle, rose, and dove;
Whose form the Grecian statuaries strove
In vain to bring out from the marble pure;—
Venus, attended by the son of Jove,
The winged Cupid, infant sly, demure,
Whose shaft inflicts a wound, no medicine can cure.

51.

'Such seem the rules, to modern poets given;
And all this folly and impiety
Is sung by lips, which know the truth of heaven.
The ancient Bards were honest. To their eye
Bright gods appear'd in ocean, earth, and sky.
They worshipp'd whom they sung. But poets now
Attune their harp to phantom of a lie.
Shall truth, and sense, and reason cease to flow
From hearts, which with sincere and holy fervors glow?'

52.

Mohekun from the bark of birch laid low,—
What time the winged songsters fill the grove,—
Had form'd a light canoe with double prow,
Full swift along the silent lake to move,
As new moon floats in azure sea above.
The bark was launch'd, and on the waters flung,
When seated by the maid, whom he did love,
He struck the oar, and notes responsive rung,
For thus with sweetest, warning voice Wunnissoo sung:—

'I will sail, for the sky is now clear,
And my bark longs to fly from this coast.'—
But whither your course will you steer?
For the ocean is wide, and by tempests oft tost,
And your shallop, unguided, in the deep may be lost.
'I will steer for renown and for Fame,
And proudly in harbor will ride.'
Beware, lest you enter in shame,
Like a bird, that is clipp'd of her feathers and pride,
Your canvas blown off, and your masts by the side.

'Then I'll aim at the land of Delight,
Where joy o'er my senses shall play.'—
Alas! if the sirens in sight
Shall draw you to shore, and charm by their lay,
In the port of delight your life will they slay.

'Then lofty ambition shall guide
My shallop to harbor of Power.'—
Know you not, that great perils betide?
'Tis a coast, where the tempests in fury do pour,
And the wrecks lie along the high, rocky shore.

'For the mart of the world I will sail,
And come freighted with Silver and Gold.'—
Deep loaded, your vessel will fail;
Then down you will go with your riches untold,
And the caves of the deep all your treasures shall hold.

'I will steer for bright Learning's fair land,
Where the waves and the billows ne'er roll.'—
You should know, there are corsairs at hand;
They may board, when a calm quells the pilot's control,
And with sharp, bloody knife may pierce to your soul.

'Then I'll steer for Domestic Repose,
Where glisten the eyes of delight.'—
'Tis well: but those eyes death may close,
And no kindly emotion spring again from their light,
While their beauty is lost in the grave's dreary night.

Then away from earth's region depart,
And steer for the Heaven of rest:
Be the gospel your compass and chart;
Then no quicksands nor rocks your course shall arrest,
And you'll enter the port, where Immortals are blest.

The Vale of Woosatunnuk.

CANTO II.

WUNNISSOO,

OR

THE VALE OF HOOSATUNNUK.

CANTO II.

1.

'Tis task, that needs of quenchless zeal the sway,
On pagan mind truth's holy light to shed,
And misform'd, grisly shapes to chase away,
Which in dark superstition's caves are bred,
And as they stalk along do terrors spread.
Such wild'ring shapes throng'd Hoosatunnuk's vale,
And nature's boasted children there misled.
Yet Sergeant's zeal did o'er the throng prevail
By patient toil and prayer, whose power can never fail.

2.

Unpitying are the rites of mortals blind,
That grope in heathen gloom their doubtful way:
They all the sweetest ties of life unbind,
And cast the purest sympathies away.
Thus he, who held o'er Argive chiefs the sway,
When bent his course 'gainst Priam's lofty towers,
His beauteous daughter did with sternness slay,
A cruel victim to th' imagin'd powers,—
Fair Iphigenia in her blooming, gaysome hours.

3.

Habits of crime and wild'ring pagan rites
Have fix'd their roots deep in the savage mind.
The pleasant tale, which eloquence indites,
Of man of Nature virtuous, gentle, kind,
Unshackled by hard laws, which others bind,
With native grace, like untrimm'd forest-grove,
Whose foliage waves in summer's softest wind,—
Is but a web of slend'rest goss'mer wove:
It will not bear the touch, which would its texture prove.

4.

The deist, whom no truths reveal'd can please,
May boast of nature's beams and reason's might,
Like simple child, who thinks the sun might cease
To shine by day, when all the world is light.
On Greek and Roman minds was there a blight,
That they saw not what now, in sooth, is seen
Without a ray from heav'n? Was their sharp sight
Than that of modern infidels less keen,
That they of God could not discern the form and mien?

5.

'Mid western seas the coral isles were deemed
Isles of the blest, where gentleness bore sway;
But truth on fiction's page at length hath gleamed,
And fancied forms of good have fled away.
Instead of these behold, in dread array,
Each raging passion free from virtue's band,
The sacrifice of men to gods of clay,
Slaughter of infants by a mother's hand,
And ruthless wars, whose victims lie along the strand.

6.

Go, where you will, through all this wide-spread
sphere,
From Greenland's ice-bound shore and hills of snow
To southern Patagonia's coast most drear;
Pass with the sun o'er all he views below,—
O'er Afric's burning zone and India's glow,
O'er all the beauteous isles of east and west,
Where verdure lives and fragrant breezes blow;—
Bring all men to religion's clearest test;—
All, without light from heav'n, are wanderers unblest.

7.

E'en in the pleasant vale, of which I sing,
There was a plenteous growth of sin, and fear,
And superstitious rites, which always spring,
Where culture fails each heav'nly plant to rear.
Though milder was the form of error here,
Than oft is seen, where pagan follies grow,
Yet nought of peaceful worship did appear,
And sacrificer's knife laid victim low,—
A proof of conscious guilt and dread of vengeful blow.

8.

As once beheld, their rites did thus begin:—
A rough, bark altar, plac'd on wigwam's floor,
The flesh of deer as offering for sin,—
The flesh with skin and horns,—in order bore.
Dark faces round the gloomy cabin lower:
Over the deer an aged priest then stood,
And thus he pray'd—'O, thou Almighty Power,
We offer this to thee, the source of good,
And pray thee guard us well, and give us sleep and food.'

9.

The prayer o'er, the priest then rais'd a shout,
As if to wake the deity's dull ear:
And next the boiled flesh was serv'd about,
And all with joyful hearts partook the cheer:
A string of wampum was the fee of seer;
The skin and slender feet, which late were free,
To widow given, drew a grateful tear;—
Thus nature taught these heathens, as we see,
Though join'd with absurd rites, the deed of charity.

10.

Were this the whole, their worship well might shame
The homage paid to countless gods of old,
To idol gods of high and humble name,
Carv'd out of wood, and stone, and brass, and gold,
And cast, as fancy led, in various mould;
For here the tribute of the heart was paid
To the Good Spirit, source of joys untold.
Yet to the Evil Spirit prayer was made,
With name of Hobbamock or Mattandoo arrayed.

11.

Him would they worship not from love but fear,
To avert impending ills, or to prevent
Failure of game, as beaver, moose, and deer,
Or wasting sickness, in his anger sent;
And, when beneath a dire disease they bent,
A Powwow's sorceries were quick employed,—
Powwow, the devil's priest and implement,—
As though, by incantations strange decoyed,
Diseases would forsake the wretches, they destroyed.

12.

See, blazing high, the wigwam's central fire,
While fiendish shapes dance round with antic gait,
Led by the Powwow in his wild attire,—
A bear-skin robe for gravity and state,
With paws outstretch'd; upon his head elate
A solemn owl, while dangling from his ears
Are snake-skins stuff'd. The minister of fate
Now hoots and growls, and wakes terrific fears,
Then throws into the flame the sacrifice, he bears.

13.

The dance, and shout, and maniac revelry,
With prayer to Mattandoo, and various spell
Of dark, unutterable sorcery
To curb the plague, or tide of war to quell,
They deem'd fit homage to the prince of hell:
From him were sent the tempest and disease,
And all the num'rous ills, which them befell;
It were then wise his pow'rful wrath t' appease,
And worship pay, which might the angry Spirit please.

14.

We pity such delusion, but perchance
Delusion wilder still our minds may hold;
And e'en the pagan yells and giddy dance
May shame the Christian impious and bold,
Who dares from God true worship to withhold.
If morning's glorious sun and evening's shade
No homage to Jehovah shall unfold
In that great day, when secrets are displayed,
Far more than pagans will such Christians be dismayed.

15.

I said, the good man's ceaseless pray'r and toil
O'er wild'ring superstition did prevail.
And yet to rouse the serpent in his coil
Was perilous. The Powwow's trade would fail,
The dupes beneath his arts would cease to quail,
And much-lov'd revelry would pass away,
If truth should shine on Hoosatunnuk's vale.
Hence mists at first obscur'd the heav'nly ray;
But thickest fogs are scatter'd by the orb of day.

16.

An Indian Council was conven'd, when now
The teacher for himself a house would rear,
If they his lasting settlement allow,
And with him a few friends, his life to cheer,
And them to guide in industry severe.—
Did they the residence of whites desire?
And would they all the blessed gospel hear?
When gather'd round the blazing council-fire,
A silver-headed man first rose and spake with ire :—

17.

'I am an aged hemlock; and the winds
Of fourscore winters through my branches strong
Have whistled; sickness now my strength unbinds,
And I shall fall, like tree decay'd, ere long,
Outpouring on the winds my dying song.
Then, children! hear;—the Spirit great and good
Hath White and Red men made: to us belong
These lands; to them the lands o'er big, salt flood;
Then wherefore on our hunting-grounds do they intrude?

18.

'They came, and from our fathers took their land;
We melted like the snow in warm, south wind;
Like deer we fled from white man's faithless hand;
But still they follow; our retreat they find,
And with their cheating words our eyes would blind.
Children! they want our lands, they want our game,
Though here in narrow nook we live confined:
Our sacred dance will cease, and Indian name
Will soon be lost and dead, and Indian pride be shame!'

19.

He ceas'd, and after silence due, for ne'er
Does Red man interrupt another's speech,
A dark-brow'd Prophet claim'd the Council's ear:
'Brothers! the Whites our ignorance would teach,
And holy gospel they pretend to preach;
But their own Book do they themselves obey?
Are robin's notes e'er heard in owl's wild screech?
Can they, who cheat, lead us in honest way?
Brothers! beware, or to the wolf ye fall a prey.

20.

'Where once arose our fathers' wigwam's smoke,
There now are cities, by the White men reared:
The chain of friendship they have falsely broke,
And old Mohegan rank has disappeared.
Full soon our fathers' fate, though now unfeared,
Will surely be our own, if we allow
The White men here to come. The forests cleared,
Our hunter's trade will cease, and we must bow
Like women to the hoe, or White men to the plough.'

21.

Then rose the Christian chief, and made reply:
'Brothers! in crooked path and darksome night
I once did walk; no light was in my eye;
But now my path is straight; the sun shines bright;
The good Book shows my path; it leads me right.
Brothers! the old Mohegan tree is dead,
And fall'n; gone is our fathers' val'rous might:
Far from their sepulchres we hither fled,
And now the num'rous White men are around us spread.

22.

'Brothers! when soon our game shall disappear,
Where shall we find our children's needful food?
Now to my words attend with list'ning ear;—
We have a pleasant vale; our lands are good,
On which we now bestow but culture rude;
The Spirit Great will have us learn to plough
And sow; let us obey with gratitude;
He sends us too his Book, that we may know
The path to heav'n above: in that path let us go.'

23.

Reason prevail'd: when finish'd was debate,
Th' assembly's voice, by Sachem's counsel sway'd,
Welcom'd the Christian guide to happier state,
While angry Powwows shrunk away dismayed,
Foreseeing well the end of juggler's trade.
Oh, when shall reason all such frauds untwine,
And truth the Moslem prophet's gloom invade,
And pour its flood of hope and bliss divine
On ev'ry land, on which the glorious sun doth shine?

24.

O, happy Indians, with such teacher blest!
Teacher of truth and not of fraudful tale,
By monks invented in their idle nest.
Ah, what do strange and monstrous lies avail,
To cause the stern and wicked will to quail,
Or touch the finer movements of the soul?
Fables in vain the love of sin assail,
And aim the raging passions to control:
For this the truth divine her pages must unroll.

25.

The simple truth of God he plainly taught
In gentle accents and with ceaseless care;
But popish legends, with false marvels fraught,
In wond'ring ear he wish'd not to declare;—
Such as the tale of English hermit Clare,
By baffled lady doom'd to assassin's blow,
Whose sever'd head the headless trunk did bear,
And plunge into a crystal fountain low,
Then carried to his cell, before his life did flow!

26.

Nor yet St. Dunstan's wondrous deed of fame,
When tried, as others oft have tempted been,
By Satan, hid beneath fair woman's frame;
When him the smiling face would draw to sin,
The saint the rarest victory did win;—
With red-hot tongs he seiz'd the pretty snout,
And firmly held the demon, till the din
Of his loud roaring was diffus'd about,
And all the neighbors flock'd to see the merry rout!'

27.

Nor did he tell St. Ivo's tale aloud;—
The ghost requir'd an abbot to bestow
On his neglected bones a burial proud,
Who said—'a cobbler's bones for aught I know!
His paleness yielding to indignant glow,
The ghost return'd, and said with sternest air—
'A cobbler I am call'd by thee; and lo,
A pair of boots I bring, which thou must wear
In punishment of thy reproach for many a year!'

28.

When straight the spirit-cobbler seem'd to draw
Upon his legs the boots with tort'ring strain,
Then sunk away, as snow melts in a thaw.
The abbot from that hour ne'er walk'd again;
A miracle, that brought the monks of Ramsey gain.
Whether a vision or a real scene,
A gouty abbot must endure much pain;
And boots like his, now worn, may oft be seen,
By spirit too drawn on the swollen legs, I ween.

29.

'Tis dark and pitiable sight to see
The Indian converts unto popery made,—
When new succeeds to old idolatry,
The heart by love of God and man unswayed,
The life with Christian virtues unarrayed.—
Six hundred such on eastern streams of Maine
Still breathe the air: their ancient rank decayed,
And nought acquir'd, they savages remain:
In penury and sin they pass their days in pain.

30.

They long in Catholic church have been enrolled,
And may at Rome be reckon'd converts blest.
If such the converts, pompously extolled,
By Jesuit zeal secur'd in east and west,—
The boasted millions, who the cross confessed,—
Converts untaught, undeck'd with virtue's mien,—
I know not, that the pagan state unblest
Was chang'd to happier or to brighter scene,
For empty Christian name from judgment cannot screen.

31.

The Hoosatunnuk Christians were not such;
But taught to read and think; and from the page
Of sacred writ of truth they learned much,
Needful to guide the youth and cheer old age,
Of pow'r the sharpest sorrows to assuage,
And loftiest hopes to build up in the mind.
Though all were not reclaim'd from passion's rage
And to each good and virtuous deed inclined,
Yet heav'nly light was shed on many of the blind.

32.

The Protestant boasts not a warmer zeal,
Than sway'd the Jesuit bands, as forth they went,
With politic design, where'er the wheel
Of commerce rolls,—to western continent,
Threading the northern wilds with hardiment,
Where roaming savages pursued their game,
Ascending stream of Paraguay, intent
Midst southern boundless plains to rear a name,—
Or to the farthest east Rome's fables to proclaim.

33.

'Tis low and worthless zeal, if all designed
A worldly scheme of pow'r and wealth to rear;
Hence pliant maxims, by no rules confined,
And base betrayal of the truth severe.
Such was the Jesuit teaching far and near;—
In China tol'rant to idolatry;
In Europe soothing titled guilt; and here
Urging the savage to his revelry,
Kindling the wasting flame of war, which blaz'd on high.

34.

A purer zeal burn'd in the holy heart
Of Eliot, faithful guide in upward way
Of his dear Natick flock; while to impart
In their rude tongue the Book of heav'nly ray
He toils with giant force from day to day,
Till work unequall'd was completely wrought.
A purer zeal the Mayhews did o'ersway,—
Successive races of congenial thought,—
Who on the Island-Vineyard num'rous Indians taught.

35.

The noblest charity, th' uncheck'd control
Of purer zeal was, holy Brainerd! thine,—
Of feeble frame but with an angel's soul,
Too soon, alas, remov'd, in heav'n to shine.
Such zeal was Wheelock's, whose enlarg'd design
Would rear the teachers of the Indian wild:
A School he planted, which like thriving vine
Did rapid grow, and in the desert smiled;
And Dartmouth's bow'rs display his honors undefiled.

36.

Were these Rome's merchants, traffickers for gain,
Agents for despot, builders of his throne?
Oh no; but they did pass their days in pain
And ceaseless toil from charity alone,
Pitying the darkness, in which truth ne'er shone.
Nor did they toil without a harvest fair,
For wanderers to holy path were won,
Which the great day, I doubt not, will declare,
And show the noble zeal and perseverance rare.

37.

I envy not the monarch's golden crown,
Nor honors, which proud victor may receive;
Nor treach'rous fame like beauteous bubble blown,
Nor transient joys, which gleam but to deceive,—
No good of texture such as spiders weave;
But I could wish to bear in angels' sight
The worth and majesty of men, who leave
All earthly joys to spread the gospel light,
And pour the rays of truth where all was gloomy night.

38.

Great fame hast thou, O Clive: on India's strand
Winning great vict'ries o'er th' innum'rous foe,
And building up for native, distant land
A pow'r o'er dark-hued millions humbled low;
But eye of friendship sees on Newell's brow
And Hall's, good men, a more resplendent ray,—
Who ran to heal the pitiable woe
Of myriads, aliens from the blessed sway
Of heav'nly truth, which guides to bright, immortal day.

39.

By such men's toils, though infidel deride,
A holy, glorious kingdom will be reared,
Spreading through all the earth its blessings wide.
Then down will sink the throne with blood besmeared,
And sceptre will be wrench'd from despot feared.
Each prison door will ope, and chains will fall,
As when to Peter angel form appeared,—
What time he lay fast bound a wretched thrall,—
And bid him walk forth free from quaking prison wall.

40.

There spreads a rust on slav'ry's clanking chain,
And weaker grow its hateful links each day,
As truth and heav'nly love prevail. In vain
Will pride, and lust, and avarice assay
To hold o'er fellow mortals tyrant sway,
When reign of charity shall wide extend,
And senates shall be just. For this we pray,
That tyrants may no more man's life-blood spend,
Nor crouching slaves before proud masters lowly bend.

41.

Yet let not Parent-State reproach her child
For practising the lessons, which she taught,
And teaches still. By fraudful arts beguiled,
Subdued by pow'r, or by her treasures bought,
Holds she not slaves? By barb'rous pressgangs caught,
Her floating tow'rs bear many a slave along
O'er the wide sea, while backward runs the thought
To country's shore, to free and happy throng,
To quietude of home, and plighted maiden's song.

42.

Has she not subject millions in the East,
Slaves all except in name, by pow'r brought low,
Bearers of burdens, like the caravan-beast?
Let her but once freedom's loud clarion blow
Through all her western isles, where fetters grow
On ev'ry dark-hued limb; let her first say,
To those she holds in bondage and in woe,
'Be free and happy!' Then indeed she may,
Though blushing still, reprove her child, she led astray.

43.

Vain boast of liberty in either State!
All are not free! Then let the good combine
Their toils each bitter root to extirpate,
That round the oak no fibre shall entwine
Of pois'nous weed, or serpent-coiling vine,
To check its growth and shrimp its ample shade.
Let ev'ry chain be broke, whose links confine
Body or mind; let Clarksons rise to invade
Invet'rate ignorance and sin, that both degrade.

44.

And truth and love will triumph at the day,
Fix'd by decree, by prophecy foretold.
E'en now we see the blessed, dawning ray,
And hear the song of praise for joys untold
From sun-burnt Afric's wide-spread sands of gold,
From Ceylon's fragrant shade of cinn'mon grove,
From India's sultry clime, and Greenland's cold,
From western wilds, where savage Red men rove,
And from far ocean's isles, where late fierce foemen strove.

45.

Ere long the glorious Sun of Righteousness
Will fling abroad from clear, unclouded skies
His beams on ev'ry land to cheer and bless:
Idols will sink to dust, and all the lies,
Of guilt the refuge, vanish from the eyes:
From ev'ry tribe and tongue in sweet accord
Ere long the universal shout shall rise,—
'An end is come to reign of crime abhorred;
All kingdoms of the earth are kingdoms of our Lord!'

46.

Ah, what avails all philosophic pride
And learned vanity to save the soul?
The courses of the stars may be descried,
And laws resolv'd, by which e'en comets stroll,
And elemental agents find control
By human pow'r; all objects we may name,
And rank in circles, that in order roll;—
But, if we fail a heav'nward course to aim,
Our wond'rous science is but ignorance and shame.

47.

Nature has charms; yet idle seems the toil
Of tedious monographs of useless plant,
And sorting all th' incumbents of the soil
For show of science, not for human want.
Nature has forms the eye to charm, I grant;
Yet nobler study is the mind of man,—
Wisely on kindred beings to descant,
Their aims, and hopes, and joys, and griefs to scan,
And learn to flee each fatal rock, on which they ran.

48.

O Byron! Idol of a giddy age,
Thy secret fears and hopes fain would I know,
As thou didst think of death.—'Tis from thy page
I learn thy aspirations were but low;—
Thou wouldst have eagle's pinions on thee grow
To "cope with blast!" Wouldst have an eagle's eye
To gaze on glorious objects here below!
Wouldst be "a part" of mountain, wave, and sky,
Pitying the "worldly phlegm," that cannot soar so high!

49.

O genius of immortal man, how sunk!
When Tully thought of scenes beyond the grave,
His spirit totter'd, as with rapture drunk,
Hoping to meet the hosts of good and brave,
To mingle in their joys, as wave with wave,
While heaves the ocean of eternity!
The Christian too, whom Jesus died to save,
Would dwell with God and all the blest on high,
And share the bliss, that bursts from heaven's rapt minstrelsy!

50.

Poor earthly poet, and blind, wand'ring Childe!
A friendless spirit on the mountain's height
Content to be, or tost on ocean wild!
Vain wishes in a feeble, mortal wight,
Destin'd before the throne of dazzling light
To give a strict account of life's short race,
Of reason's check, and passion's utmost might,
Of ev'ry talent's use, and ev'ry grace,—
And ev'ry stain, that heav'nly image doth efface.

51.

A lovely woman once did send a prayer,
Pure as an angel's smile, to heav'n for thee;
And, Byron, thou didst feel her pious care,
Reading her pray'r in pray'rless Italy,
And saidst aright,—much rather thou wouldst be
Object of such petition, than to shine
As Homer, or as Cæsar, gloriously.
Yet, smoth'ring in thy lust the truth divine,
Thou didst persist in wrong and build th' portentous line.

52.

Yet other bards as vile a web have spun,
Glaring with images unfit to see:—
Great Dryden such pollution did not shun,
Nor from the taint are Cowley's numbers free,
And thus e'en Pope has sinn'd egregiously.
Curs'd be the strain, howe'er with genius fraught,
Which would corrupt the youthful fancy's eye,
And send contagion to the source of thought,
Checking the heav'n-ward aim, by holy gospel taught.

53.

Yet there are English minstrels, from whose lyre
No vile Anacreontic notes arise,
Nor sullen gleams of fierce, demoniac fire,
But all is pure, like melody of the skies.
Thus Cowper sung,—a name, that never dies,—
And thus, congenial mind, Montgomery sings;
So Wordsworth's song comes forth in stainless guise,
And others' song, whose lyre in mast'ry rings,
Though weightiest truth ne'er strikes the deep-ton'd strings.

54.

From minstrel's harp no sounds, which error bring,
Should ever reach the charm'd and list'ning ear;
For bards are call'd divine, and they should sing
The truth divine, which angels love to hear:
Nor will the dread of scorn, nor melting tear,
That bursts from gentle eye at thought of woe,
E'er change the mighty master's hand severe,
When call'd t' abase the proud and guilty brow,
And bring by needful terror's notes the scorner low.

55.

And shall there be no woe in future world?
Was this the voice of Him, whose name is Truth,
And who th' appalling flag of wrath unfurled,
While yet his loving heart was fill'd with ruth?
Was this the voice of Him, in very sooth,
Who o'er the guilty city shed his tears,
Warning both hoary age and giddy youth,
That, when the flaming day of doom appears,
The awful word 'Depart' shall ring in sinner's ears?

56.

Has he, who cannot swerve, for our affright
Built Mormos up before his children's eyes,
And dealt denouncements idle, false, and light?—
'Tis true for guilty man the Saviour dies,—
For all to make atoning sacrifice;
Yet on the unreclaim'd offender's head
His expiating blood forever lies.
The unbeliever is among the dead;
And deepest midnight gloom of wrath is o'er him spread.

57.

Is holy gospel blessed gift of love?
It is to them, who make its good their choice,
And yield their hearts to influence from above.
It is indeed a spring of heav'nly joys,—
A rain, which makes the thirsty earth rejoice.
But though the cloud rich show'rs of blessings bear,
The blessings fall amidst terrific voice
Of angry thunder, and amidst the glare
And flashes of consuming bolts, which none may dare.

58.

With untam'd spirit may new bards arise ;—
Not om'nous meteors, shooting wide dismay,
Nor, like archangel fallen from the skies,
Winging o'er chaos their advent'rous way,
On mischief bent; but clad in bright array
Of truth and love, poets, that touch high strains,
Which well th' imperishable mind should sway,—
The law of holiness, the fiery pains
Of sin, and good man's blest reward, which God ordains.

59.

Wunnissoo lov'd all Nature's varying shapes,—
The bubbling spring beneath the pine tree's shade,—
The gliding brook, which in the grass escapes,—
The winding stream, the meadow, and the glade.
She climb'd the jutting cliff, yet undismayed:
The deep blue sky was ocean of delight;
A joy sublime her lofty mind o'erswayed,
When angry tempest chang'd the day to night,
And from the clouds there burst the streams and floods of light.

60.

In the wide forest's awful solitude,
In its deep shade, excluding noonday beam,
She lov'd to stray in meditative mood;
And here her mind with solemn thoughts would teem,
And bright irradiations round her gleam.
So in Dodona's wood, in ancient days,
Where flow'd beneath old oaks the gentle stream,
The torch unlighted,—classic fable says,—
Brought to the pool, would straight be kindled to a blaze.

61.

But nature gave her joy, because each scene
Awaken'd visions of still brighter hue.
She thought of Him, now thron'd in world unseen,
That once as man appear'd to human view
To bear correction to our wand'rings due,
Whose pow'r spread out all glories to the eye;—
Of Him, whose love to her seem'd fresh and new
By ev'ry beauteous form in earth or sky,
And all the grandeur floating round most gloriously.

62.

'Bright, circling Stars!' she said, 'high o'er my
head,
Seeming to form, and therefore nam'd a "crown,"
With still more glorious wreath is He arrayed,
Who once from higher world to earth came down,
And died for sins in agonies unknown;
Died for our sins, that we might ever shine
Bright as yon stars, o'er heav'n's expansion strown.
Then, Christian, let the crown, foretold as thine,
Turn thee from vain pursuits to seek the bliss divine.'

63.

The yellow leaf of autumn on the ground
Is hid beneath the white and mantling snow;
The streams in icy fetters now are bound,
Or glide beneath the crystal, clogg'd and slow;
Yet joy from cheerful heart fails not to flow.
'Twas now that blessed period of the year,
When Son of God from heav'n descended low
In majesty of virtue to appear;
When thus the maid did meditate and sing with
cheer:—

64.

Th' unequall'd bard, who sang of Paradise
Lost by the rebel act of parent-man,
And then restor'd by Him, who left the skies,
Has hymn'd his natal day, when quick He ran
To execute the high, mysterious plan.
I too would sing his birth in praises meet,
Bringing such grateful present, as I can,
And lay my off'ring at the Saviour's feet;
And Mary's Son an Indian of the west would greet.

HYMN

ON THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

It was a peaceful night,
And stars were beaming bright,
And Judah's fertile vales and fields were still;
While weary men now sleep,
Their watch the shepherd's keep
O'er many a flock round Bethlehem's honor'd hill,
As God with more than shepherd's care
Watches the starry flocks and hosts of earth and air.

When lo, an unknown star
Its radiance pours afar,
And in the east attracts their gazing eye ;
And then a flood of light
O'erwhelms their giddy sight,
And heav'nly seraph stands resplendent nigh ;
He comes the messenger of love
To speak to man of wonders ne'er announc'd above.

As fear the shepherds strook,
He cheer'd them with his look,
And mildly thus he did their ears accost ;—
'Behold, glad news I bring
Of Israel's Shepherd-King,—
Tidings of joy to you and all the lost.
The world's great Light beams forth this morn,
For Christ, the virgin's Son, in Bethlehem is born.

'The babe a manger holds,
And swaddling band infolds ;

Yet comes that child the ruin'd world to save;—
His voice the storm shall quell,
And chase the pow'rs of hell,
And wake the sleeping tenants of the grave;—
His voice, when earth has run his race,
Shall bid earth's millions to their final dwelling-place.'—

Thus spake the angel fair,
When straight through all the air
Were seen the countless hosts of seraphs bright;—
Each golden harp rings clear,
Sweet notes entrance the ear,—
The notes of joy and melody of light:
Such strains ne'er fill'd the heav'nly arch,
Not e'en when all yon flaming worlds began their march.

'Tis heaven's new Song of Love,
That wakes those strains above,

And from the angel-lips now bursts again;
It sounds through all the sky,—
'Glory to God on high,
Peace on the warring earth, good-will to men!
For God now dwells with man below
To cause the guilty soul with seraph's love to glow.'

My Saviour and my God,
Who on this globe hast trod,
Though million orbs of day for thee are gleaming!
My fetter'd soul set free,
And teach the minstrelsy,
The rescued sinner's burning heart beseeming;
Then will I strike my harp of gold,
And sing thy grace, and love, and pow'r for years untold!

The Vale of Woosatunnuk.

CANTO III.

WUNNISSOO,

OR

THE VALE OF HOOSATUNNUK.

CANTO III.

1.

In Hoosatunnuk's Vale from day to day
Was rudeness chang'd to social polity:
Where late the forest's gloomy shadows lay,
There busy, beauteous village one might see,
Where white and red men liv'd in amity.
By roving hunter arts of peace were known;
He till'd his fields; he planted fruitful tree;
Unchimney'd, smoky wigwam was o'erthrown,
And comfortable house he proudly call'd his own.

2.

Such dwelling young Mohekun had upreared
In little garden by green hillock's side,
To which, what time the flow'rs of spring appeared,
He led Wunnissoo as his chosen bride,
When long delay his loyal heart had tried.
It was a gladsome hour to all the vale
To see the youth and maid in bonds allied,
So strong, that nought their strength could counter-
vail,
Save death, before whose pow'r all mortal things
must quail.

3.

Here liv'd the virtuous pair in humble guise,
But with the light of truth and calm of love,
With peace and purest bliss below the skies,
And hope of endless bliss the skies above.
All savage traits of soul effac'd, they strove
Each holy, Christian duty to fulfil,
With purpose firm, which nothing should remove.
Both toil'd in proper sphere with ready will,
As constant flows the stream, unruffled, clear, and
still.

4.

Her hands would pluck of maize the soft, young
ear,
And strip its folded drapery away,
Till white, like disrob'd babe, the corn appear;
Then from the climbing vine, with blossoms gay,—
The fruit and blossoms mix'd in glad array,—
Would pick the tender bean-pods long and green,
In shape like scimitar, which Turks display,
Swelling with rip'ning lobe most gladly seen
By ev'ry Indian forest-dweller, as I ween.

5.

The corn and beans combin'd she knew to boil,
And thus delicious nutriment prepare,—
The Suckatash,—the growth of Indian soil,
Hunger's revelry, solacer of care.
For this an Indian relish I do bear,
And deem it unsurpass'd by foreign cook,
Working on aliments most dear and rare.
With this and crimson-spotted trout from brook,
On kingly table none need cast an envious look.

6.

But ne'er was table spread with earthly fruit,
Deriv'd from field or garden, or with game,
Procur'd in vacant hour, of fish or brute,
Without the praise of God, from whom they came.
Then let th' insensate man be cloth'd with shame,
Who sits down to luxurious, costly feast
In princely hall, and yet no grateful flame
Ascends; who like the head-declined beast
Partakes the food, all sense of gratitude surceased.

7.

Each night and morn was read the holy Book,
And cheerful hymn was sung with melody,
And humble pray'r address'd, with rev'rent look,
To God, whose throne is in the lofty sky,
Yet who to household worshipper is nigh.—
How welcome always was the day of rest,
When, earthly cares and earthly thoughts laid by,
They walk'd up to God's house, with awe imprest,
To join the common praise, and hear the doctrine blest?

8.

Thus now in those far islands of the west,
Where late the homage was to idols paid
With cruel rites and sorceries unblest,
Pure off'rings to the living God are made
In thronged temple and domestic shade,—
Shaming the proud and polish'd infidel,
Within whose mansion, sumptuously arrayed,
No notes of pray'r and praise do ever swell,
And nought of Christian peace and hope delights to dwell.

9.

But chiefly did their hearts with joy o'erflow,
When, at the table of their Lord, they ate
The bread and wine, memorials of His woe,
Who died God's broken law to vindicate,
And bear up justice in unsullied state ;
And emblems too of that celestial food,
By faith receiv'd, which mind and heart can sate.
What peace, and hope, and love, and gratitude
They felt is all unknown by strangers to their mood.

10.

They envied not the monarch's costly feast,
His table cover'd o'er with plate of gold,
Loaded with viands from the west and east,
And deck'd with splendor dazzling to behold.
How oft at such a feast, as once of old,
The doomful writing glares upon the eye,—
When down the pageant sinks? But joys untold
Cheer ev'ry humble heart, when Christ is nigh,—
Master of feast below, sure guide to heav'n on high.

11.

Moons roll'd away mid household cares and joy;
And when at last, as high and priceless dower,
Mohekun heard the voice of infant boy,
His heart was thrill'd with bliss unfelt before,
And tide of praise to God he did outpour.
I may not speak the parents' hope and fear,
When gazing on that infant of an hour,
Yet destin'd to outrun the sun's career,
And live, when worlds shall be in yellow leaf and sere.

12.

That helpless frame is tenanted by soul
Immortal in its nature. That soft eye,
That seems, unkindled by a thought, to roll,
Will soon be lighted with reflection high
And all the strongest passions' radiancy:
That tongue will speak th' emotions of the breast.
But more than all, that mind,—dread destiny!—
Deprav'd, will sink where wrathful waves ne'er rest,
Or, stamp'd with good, ascend and be forever blest.

13.

'Tis parents' work to train in heav'nly path,
From which th' accustom'd feet shall never stray:
The faithful discipline is blest; but wrath
Shall strike the slothful in the final day.
Oh, parents! who can paint your grim dismay,
If then your child through your neglect be lost,
And you, unsav'd, to agony a prey,
On the same fiery billows should be tost,
Finding, alas, how much your slothfulness has cost?

14.

Yet stubborn will with resolute arm to quell
And make obedience sure; to check the tide
Of early passion, break delusion's spell,
Self-love to curb, and humble budding pride,
And teach the gospel truth, which men deride;
With mingled awe and love to rule, deny,
Restrain, and in each pious path to guide,
With constant pray'r to Him, who reigns on high,—
Is arduous work, but work rear'd for eternity!

15.

The proudest piles on this poor, earthly ball
Shall crumble into dust, by time o'erthrown:
St. Peter's glorious church at Rome shall fall,
As other idol temples have sunk down;
The mighty monuments of Nile shall own
Decay's sure law; but mind, when built aright,
Ne'er sinks; and he, who builds, and he alone
Has rear'd a holy temple, fair and bright,
Destin'd to stand fore'er in heav'n's eternal light!

16.

These Indian parents train'd their lovely boy
For God and heav'n, and with unchanging aim
A character to form without alloy,
Of motive right and action without blame.
A higher principle, than dread of shame,
Or hope of man's applause, it was their care
T' infuse into his heart;—a holy flame
Of love to God and man, devotion rare,
And aspiration after bliss, which angels share.

17.

On passion's first outbreakings they impose
A wise and strong restraint with utmost care;
As he, who dwells, where Mississippi flows,
Watches the slightest current, which may dare
To cross the safeguard mount upheaved there,
And instant checks th' encroachment, when descried,
For by delay the streamlet soon doth wear
A broad, deep channel, growing still more wide,
Till all his fields are whelm'd beneath the boundless tide.

18.

'Tis wise to crush the shell of cockatrice,
Ere it is hatch'd by heat of summer's sun.
Then why should infant anger, avarice,
And pride be foster'd? Is it wisely done
To spare the serpent, till his strength is won?
The petty rage may please thy sporting mood,
But rage indulg'd is murder just begun;
The arm uncheck'd may strike at last for blood,
All blessed promise wither'd and extinct all good.

19.

Honor was not an idol to be adored
With loss of peace and sacrifice of blood;
But Waunseet knew, taught by the sacred word,
That law divine was measure of all good,
And therefore that, with courage unsubdued,
He should pursue the straight and narrow way,
And bear each transient ill with fortitude.
It was glad sight to see the youth obey
With cheerful heart the rules, which guide to heav'n's
bright day.

20.

O, happy child, in rural village born,
Nurtur'd in truth, where nature gives delight!
O'er eastern hills he sees the streaks of morn
In splendor grow, till highest heav'n is bright;—
On stream, mead, grove, and lake, with raptured sight,
He gazes, taught in all things to behold
The pow'r and love of Him, who dwells in light;
And train'd, with ready feet and courage bold,
To walk in virtue's path and gain her joys untold.

21.

To man, who, like Prometheus, is fast bound,
At least in heart and soul, to flinty rock,
'Tis joyful, when the gem-fraught stone is found,
To give the milk-white quartz the hammer's shock,
As, Vulcan-like, I've hammer'd on the block,
And see the beryl pour its hues of green,—
Emblem of hope, which failures oft bemock,—
Or dyes both green and red of tourmaline,
With Cleavelandite allied, though brittle, pure and sheen.

22.

So once I gather'd Amethystine forms
On White Hills' side, which rear aloft sublime
Their snow-crown'd heads, the chosen home of storms,
O'ertopping all the mounts of country's clime:
'Twas near the dwelling, which, in recent time,
By thund'ring masses from the mountain's side
Was overwhelm'd, whose inmates, in the prime
Of manhood, and their children dear all died,
Swept, as they fled, and crush'd by rocky torrent's tide.

23.

'Tis joyful to the man, who fragrance breathes,
And bears a roseate garland on his brow,
And wild-flow'r for his cabinet inwreathes,—
To him the fairest maiden here below,—
To creep in bushy vale, where brooklets flow,
Or climb the mountain's per'lous, giddy height,
E'en to the borders of eternal snow;
If there a new flow'r meet his eager sight,
He seizes quick the spoil, he feels unknown delight.

24.

Within my mind is deeply registered
The place, where num'rous plants first gave me cheer;
Where silken leaves of Panax were outspread,
Whose root to Chinese appetite is dear,
And where, in deep Canadian forest drear,
The Sarracenia glow'd in purple pride,
Nodding in little swamp, of wood-growth clear,
Whose cup-like leaves, to eastern plant allied,
May warn each toper,—fill'd with sipping flies, who died.

25.

To men, like Kirby, with true zeal indeed,
Whom insect forms inspire with keen delight,
Whom wand'ring butterflies by day mislead,
And draw through many a bog, as wizard light
Misguides the tempted trav'ller in the night,
'Tis gladsome to entangle in small net
Some heedless moth, with spangled wings and bright,
Or from decaying log or stump o'erset
To catch the tribes, that rush, in their retreat beset.

26.

'Tis joyful to the man, who converse holds
With wand'ring planets in the sky serene,
Or fixed stars, which tube uprear'd unfolds,
To catch a ray from orb before unseen,
To bear thenceforth his honor'd name, I ween,
As fitlier meed for him, than for his king;
Or peep into th' immense, far worlds between,
And there discern new systems on the wing,
And thence in depths of space new worlds imagining.

27.

But sweeter, purer, higher is the joy,
From deep inquiry in the book divine
To gain the gem, which beams without alloy,—
The gem of truth; or round the brow to twine
Blossoms of virtue, which unwith'ring shine;
Or in the cab'net of the heart to place
The forms of goodness in their proper shrine;
Or with heav'n-piercing vision well to trace
The throne of Him, who reigns o'er worlds in boundless space.

28.

Science is dwindling down into the art
Of marshalling whate'er the eye beholds,
Arranging in due place each whole and part,
The moral aim unseen, which all infolds ;—
Like soldiers, whom our green parade now holds,
The doughty heroes, spread upon the plain,
Arrang'd in line, but whom no skill imbolds,
Untaught the use of arms, which vict'ry gain,
The idle boast of him, who rules th' accoutred train.

29.

Yet let the hewers of rough stones pursue
Their humble task ; a builder shall arise
To rear the temple to God's glory due.
So in the cone-born curve, by Grecian eyes
Idly discern'd, the modern sage descries
The path, in which all wand'ring planets roll
In their vast courses through the azure skies,
Tracing that form, howe'er they seem to stroll,
Bound to the wondrous curve by strong, divine control.

30.

So the smutch'd chemist, erst in search of gold,
Each substance would transmute by tort'ring brand;
But vainly toil'd the myst'ry to unfold.
Yet by his toils is blaze of science fanned,
And later sage extracts discov'ry grand.
As at Aladdin's touch the Genius came,
Slave of the lamp; so now, in Davy's hand,
Round lamp more wondrous flickers a blue flame;
'Tis fire-blast,—cavern spirit, slave subdued and tame.

31.

For ages worshipp'd by the minstrel throng,
On mountain top, by brook, in field, and wood,
Nature! thou dost thy maker mighty wrong.
Glows not thy beauteous cheek with mantling blood,
Thyself to take His praise, 'First Fair, First Good?'
Vain Idol! this thy folly thou shalt rue!
A tempest-voice swells o'er the billowy flood,—
'The flames shall scorch whate'er false homage drew,
And all thy beauty's light shall turn to deadly hue!'

32.

I do not love the city's prison walls,
The narrow space begirt with brick and stone,
The selfish crowd, which timid heart appals;
But I would walk in field and grove alone;
Or lay me down where crystal waters moan,
As gently o'er their pebbly bed they flow;
Or stand upon the mountain's rock-built throne,
Gazing on all the outspread scene below,
While glorious, kindling thoughts within my bosom glow.

33.

But who shall paint the pleasures ever new,
With which our changing seasons e'er abound?
The flakes of wintry snow fall soft, like dew;
Or, when the sleety tempest raves around,
Both peace and joy by cheerful fire are found.—
And then the light of full-orb'd moon, like day,
Gleams on the silver vestment of the ground
In calmest eve; or northern streamers play
Their wondrous frolics in their pure and bright array.

34.

When spring returns, and southern breezes blow;
When warmer suns arise and rains descend,
And melt away at once th' incumbent snow;
Then from the mountain's side, where forests bend,
The torrent comes with thund'ring sound to wend
Its foaming, furious way through valley wide,
With giant force, no obstacle can fend,
Bearing along, with mighty victor's pride,
Uprooted trees and icy masses in its tide.

35.

So, Niagara! down the depth profound
Plunges thy broad and brightly-gleaming flood,
Fed by vast lakes, in symbol-union bound.
On Table Rock, now fall'n, in youth I stood,
Gazing on all the scene in rapt'rous mood.
There, at my level, the majestic stream
O'er long-curv'd cliff, with ample plenitude,
Begins its stoop in reg'lar, bending gleam;
Then falls, till shape is lost in foam and misty steam.

36.

Perch'd on thin leaf of overhanging rock,
I venture to the edge and look below:
I see the eddying depth; and feel the shock,
The shore all trembling at the earthquake-blow.
Ah, what if sudden dizziness should grow,
As, at Passaic cliff, in her, who fell?
Or what if shock my foothold-ledge o'erthrow,
And to abyss I sink with loosen'd shell?—
The solitary's fate no living one could tell.

37.

But, though no brother man with me did stand,
Yet God was there, who scoop'd the basin wide,
And pour'd the flood out from his hollow hand.
Yet God was there, whose voice on ev'ry side
Issued in thunders from the angry tide.
Yet God was there, the cloud-built arch to rear,
With mingled hues of beauteous brightness dyed,—
Symbol, once caus'd o'er wider flood t' appear,
Blest pledge of earth's escape from destiny severe.

38.

Stand here, mortal presumptuous! and say,—
While ear is stunn'd with torrent's ceaseless roar,
And solid rocks do tremble with dismay,—
Cannot God's hand the flood of vengeance pour,
To sweep the proud, where they will boast no more?
Let warring tribes this voice of thunder hear,
And hush their rage, lest whirlpool wrath devour!
Christian! the bow of promise shines forth clear,
And thou mayst smile secure, when earth shall quake with fear.

39.

When quiet flood or lake outspread and wide
Is cloth'd with crystal in the clear, cold night,
How joyous o'er the glassy deep to glide
As with the wings and speed of angels bright?
But, youngster, then beware, lest rapid flight
Bear thee incautious to th' unfrozen wave,
And thou, evanish'd quick from human sight,
Descendest where no friendly hand can save,
Finding amidst thy joy a sudden, wat'ry grave.

40.

Ah then what grief is felt, what tears are shed
By doating parents in their failing day,
With snows of winter on their weary head?
And what can sister's anguish now allay,
Companion of her childhood torn away,
With sudden wrench, from all in life most dear?
Then to thy path let prudence lend its ray;
Yet still this true and needful lesson hear,—
'Tis God thy bounds has fix'd, and aims death's fatal spear.

41.

The ling'ring breath of winter wholly fled,
The earth is cloth'd with flow'rs and living green,
And song of birds from tree is carolled,
While frisking lambs in sunny fields are seen,
And all the air is soft, and sky serene.
Then let the heart o'erflow with gratitude
To Him, who spreads out all this lovely scene;
And let the soul ascend in pious mood
To God, the full spring-head of all, that's fair and good.

42.

Summer succeeds, when yellow harvests wave,
And various fruits hang tempting from the tree.
God gives to all what appetite may crave;—
Berries to birds, who sing so merrily,
Of nuts a store to squirrel brisk and free,
To fish the insect dancing on the stream,
And flow'r-bred honey to the toiling bee.
Then shine, ye rich, with charitable gleam,
And cause in widow's eye the priceless tear to beam.

43.

The autumn forest glows upon the eye
In tints, which shame the summer's sober green;
The oak in russet, beech in yellow dye,
And maple's crimson glory deck the scene,
With all the intermingled shades between.
Thus gleams the year, ere garb of white is spread,
As in the face of dying man are seen
His last, strong feelings, ere he lays his head,
Where all earth's bright and glorious images are fled.

44.

Waunseet grew up in nature's loveliest vale,
And all was gladd'ning to his eye and ear.
But, as sweet earthly pleasures soon must fail,
And darkness will o'erspread all brightness here,
He oft was urg'd to look beyond earth's sphere
And seek the glories of eternity
By all, that answers hope, or wakens fear,—
By dread of God's just indignation high,
And hope of joys ineffable in yonder sky.

45.

Much have I seen of what the world may show
To cheat the vision of the human child:—
Gay, youthful hopes, which in the spring do blow,
But wither'd soon, like flow'r on eastern wild;—
Sweet, earthly joys, which for a moment smiled,
Then fled, like meteor darting through the sky;—
Ambitious honors, soon by envy soiled;
The monarch's sceptre yielded with a sigh,
And all the bliss of earth quick fading from the eye.

46.

In vain the wretch shall say, o'erwhelm'd with woe,—
'I have been blest beyond the common joy,
And nought of change this boast can overthrow!'
How bootless is the boast, when cares annoy,
And present pains remember'd bliss destroy?
Does heaven's great outcast, in the fiery deep,
By thought of bliss, which once he did enjoy,
Allay the waves, which vengeful tempests sweep,
Or quell th' undying worms, which in his breast do creep?

47.

We can endure, when hope upstays the mind,
And pain has some proportion to our frame:
But, hope all gone, as light from eyeball blind,
And agony commix'd with lowest shame,
And wrath almighty felt, like furnace-flame,—
Will proud-tongued mortals bear a resolute front,
As they pretend, and dread of God disclaim?
Will infidels then boast, as now they 're wont,
And dare the flaming indignation to confront?

48.

As well might seaman, when the tempest raves,
And tosses ship aloft, as football thrown,
Bid proud defiance to the winds and waves:
As well might dweller in a tropic town,
When earthquake shakes its walled ramparts down,
Contemn the perilous rocking of the ground:
As well, when mountain torrent has o'erflown
Its banks, and rushes on with furious sound,
May wretch afloat then shut his eyes for sleep profound.

49.

Then, while our present, fleeting joys we taste,
Scatter'd profuse amidst our cares and woes,
Like diamonds in the sterile soil and waste,
Still let us seek the bliss, which ever flows
Before God's throne and no defilement knows.
'Tis truth and holiness must guide our feet,
That gaining good, which no decay o'erthrows,
Transferr'd from earth to heav'n with joy complete,
Our diadem may gleam with glories infinite.

50.

Some years had pass'd in quietness away,
When war's alarms came o'er the ocean wide,
And fill'd this distant vale with wild dismay.
England and France, though living side by side,
And boasting name of Christ, the crucified,
Yet deem each other nat'ral foes, as though
To hate was Christian precept undenied:
And when they madly deal the frequent blow,
Their furthest colonies must share the guilt and woe.

51.

The laurels of triumphant war shall fade,
And might compar'd with goodness be disgrace;
But ne'er shall ignominy dare invade
The names of benefactors of our race,
But they shall ever shine in sweetest grace.
In vain shall warrior show his perilous scar;—
Let him to men of charity give place:
Preacher of peace is title higher far,
Than ruler of the storm of desolating war.

52.

On warrior's crest let ignominy light!
Among the far-fam'd heroes where is one,
Whose character with virtue's beams is bright?
Give me the fame of our own Washington,
Who, when invaded liberty was won,
Retir'd a virtuous man to his own home,—
Shaming the blot of Philip's mighty son,
Shaming great Cæsar's mastery of Rome,
And modern Cæsar's grief, unthron'd to find a tomb!

53.

If murder rear a monument to fame,
And pow'r to kill be worthy of applause;
Why hail not then with song and loud acclaim
The horns of bull, or kingly lion's jaws,
Or serpent's fang, or pouncing eagle's claws?
Why praise not then the dark assassin's knife,
Demon-contemner of all holy laws?
Is it because he takes a single life,
He merits less, than kindler of a nation's strife?

54.

In Hoosatunnuk's vale, where blessed truth
Of heav'n dispens'd its calm and holy light,
The crimson stain of war was mourn'd with ruth.
'Whither has charity now sped her flight,'—
Wunnissoo said,—'and why will Christians fight?
Were I a bard in palace of a king,
Methinks the praise of war I could recite
In notes more apt, than courtly bards do sing;
For thus should rise my song, war's glories carolling:'—

THE RAVENS' WAR-HYMN.

Ye Ravens, whence come ye, that darken the air,
With croakings, that rouse the wolf in his lair?—
'O, from the red fields of glory we've come,
Where soldiers have fallen far from their home,
Where carrion corpses lie on the ground,
And delicious repast for ravens is found!'

In the red fields of slaughter who glory can gain?
Does honor spring up from the blood of the slain?—

'Ye know not the ways of men of your kind,
For glory is nurtur'd by blood, ye will find:
How little the hero's fame would spread,
Unless he did strow the earth with the dead?

'Where would be the great Alexander's name,
Where would be the Roman Cæsar's fame,
Or where any victor-warrior's praise,
Unless of raven-pick'd bones they could raise
A monument of towering height,
Admir'd by all, who gaze at the sight?'

And what have ye seen in the fields of slaughter,
Where blood has been pour'd abundant like water?—
'We've seen the fair youth, an only son,
With shatter'd limbs, as his life-blood run,
Speaking of his mother he left but late—
Then cursing th' enticement to his fate!

'We've seen the gay lover, who had pledg'd his vow,
And hop'd to return with laurel-crown'd brow

To marry the angel, whose heart he had won,
In agony stretch'd on the field all alone:
Through his heart what a tide of affections rushed?
But, cursing his end—by a wheel was he crushed!

'We've seen the husband of beauteous wife
With face all mangled by the foeman's knife;
As he lay dying and weltering in blood,
He thought of her, O, how fair and how good!
He feebly just utter'd the lov'd one's name,
Then loud curs'd his chieftain of warrior's proud
fame!

'We've seen the father of a glorious boy
In his childhood's bloom, of his heart all the joy;
He had left him for honor; and now on the ground,
As he struggled with death in grimness of wound,
How he rav'd, that his son he should see no more?
He curs'd the ambition—but life was o'er!

'We've seen many millions writhing in woe,
Cursing their prince, as their souls went below;

But their curses are vain, for new heroes shall rise,
And blood shall yet moisten all lands 'neath the skies:—
Then we Ravens will still cry—O war! thou art good,
For our young ones provider of carrion food!'

55.

Thus sung Wunnissoo; when Mohekun cried,—
'Let Ravens be the laureate-bards of war,
Privileg'd alone to praise the hero's pride,
And give due meed to conqueror's glorious scar!
Their plaudit-scream may warriors hear afar,
Shriller than fife's or trumpet's piercing sound,
Louder than battle's fierce, discordant jar;—
Fit praise of those, who steep with blood the ground,
And spread the desolating stour full wide around!'

The Vale of Woosatunnuk.

CANTO IV.

WUNNISSOO,

OR

THE VALE OF HOOSATUNNUK.

CANTO IV.

1.

At length the storm came rushing from the north,
And burst, where at the lofty mountain's feet
Thy stream, O Hoosuck, flows, and issues forth
The broad and noble Hudson's waves to greet.
A feeble garrison, unfit to meet
The num'rous French and savage bands, soon fell,
And terror thence was spread on pinions fleet;
For what can now th' invading tempest quell?
And ev'ry breeze may bring the warwhoop and the yell.

2.

And hark! the clatt'ring hoofs of foaming horse,
Bearing dishevell'd dame, wild tale to tell!
Where now is he, who rode in front? A corse!
Shot from his saddle, down the victim fell,
When straight arose the savage shout and yell.
She held her seat, and seiz'd the bridle now,
And urg'd her flight from wood and frowning dell,
Where her companion felt the sudden blow;
And won her strange escape from dark and treacherous foe.

3.

Bold hearts must arm the inroad to withstand:
Nor was Mohekun backward at the call.
Though war be guilt in those, who light the brand,
And heavy woe shall on th' offenders fall;
Yet self-defence he deem'd the right of all:
He would not yield himself to wolf a prey,
Nor suffer child or wife to be a thrall.
He went out on a scout; but from that day
His eyes ne'er saw his home; he's fallen far away!

4.

To God Wunnissoo look'd with strong desire
And firmest trust. Passing through waters deep,
She was not overwhelm'd; nor did the fire,
Through which she walk'd, along her garments creep;
She was secure on edge of perilous steep;—
So mighty is God's promise to the just. [weep?
Then wherefore, mourner, dost thou ceaseless
Though keen the blow, in Him repose your trust,
And life and joy shall spring up from the mouldering dust.

5.

Her teacher was expert to soothe her woe,
And bring out from the word consoling balm.
O, blessed sympathy, when keen-felt blow
Has smitten deep, and wrought the grievous harm,
And blessed care the tempest's rage to calm,—
The dark despondence of the soul to cheer,
And unsubmitting passion to disarm!
'Tis thus, that healing comes to wound severe,
And calmness comes, like spring-time after winter drear.

6.

'"Twas hour of grief," he said, 'when vengeful pride
The heav'nly Shepherd smote and laid him low.
How mourn'd his scatter'd sheep, that He had
died?
Yet soon their hearts with joy did overflow,
As He his glorious form alive did show,
Unscorch'd by all his fiery suffering!
Then had they bliss, which angels cannot know,—
Recover'd hope, a faith of heav'nly wing,
And certain vict'ry too o'er death's keen, piercing
sting.

7.

'That bliss is ours, 'mid all our pains and grief;
For Jesus lives, his followers' glorious friend,
And he hath promis'd peace, and sweet relief,
And his glad presence till the world shall end.
Then blow, ye storms, and in confusion blend
Each element of earthly good:—I hear
A voice, which all th' tumultuous strife shall end,
The pow'rful voice—"'Tis I, why do ye fear?"
When straight the tempest sinks, and sea and sky
are clear.

8.

'E'en death now hurls a feeble, blunted lance,
And strikes a slight and ineffectual blow,
As wounded warrior,—dimm'd his eagle glance,—
With failing arm resists a vig'rous foe.
For surely death himself will be brought low:
The Prince of Life his promise rich will keep,
And, speaking to the dead, will say, we know,
In words, that reach death's caverns dark and deep,
"Lo, tyrant death is dead, and sleeps a lasting sleep!"

9.

'O, glorious day, when from the quick'ning dust,
As shoots up from the ground each vernal flower,
Shall spring to life the millions of the just,
To bloom untouch'd by death's destroying power!
And shall we see again in that glad hour
The much-lov'd forms, now vanish'd from our sight?
O, for a seraph's tongue the praise to pour,
Due for such rapt'rous joy and pure delight,—
Forever to be paid in world of cloudless light!'

10.

With thrilling hopes like these, ah, who can gaze
On monarch's tott'ring throne with envious eye?
Or on the crumbling fame, which great men raise,
Like Babel's tow'r, far stretching tow'rd the sky?
Or on the tints, which cheek of beauty dye,
As evanescent as the rainbow's hues,
Which now adorn the mist, and quickly fly?
Ah, who the meteor good of earth can choose,
And full-orb'd Sun of heav'n, forever bright, refuse?

11.

The storm of battle ceas'd: but short repose
The wasted colonies enjoy'd, ere war
Again in all its gloomy terrors rose,
The fertile fields of industry to mar,
And kindle flames in villages afar.
E'en scalps were borne from Hoosatunnuk's vale
By Indians in the light of morning star.
Then who shall not be rous'd the foe to trail,
And in his dark retreat with vengeance to assail?

12.

Hard-hearted Frenchman brib'd the savage foe,
And onward to their work the "hell-hounds" led,
When tomahawk quick laid the victims low,
And scalping knife was felt, e'er life was fled:
O, miserable state of those, who bled!
Nor Frenchman bears alone th' enormous guilt;
Man's heart the same, by wicked pride misled:—
When British pow'r on French o'erthrown was built,
By English gold procur'd, thus oft was young blood spilt.

13.

The names of ruthless agents of the crime
Are names, which bear vile infamy's deep stain,
And will thus bear it down to future time.
But why should he escape, in whose dark brain
The scheme was plann'd, as miner lays his train?
Sackville! the warwhoop shall thy praises sing!
Although a peerage thou at last didst gain,
Reward of faithful service of thy king;
Yet, coronet, mark'd with blood, remorseful gleam must fling.

14.

Wunnissoo warn'd in vain, for youthful pride
Her son o'ersway'd; fearless he sought the foe
With band, that laugh'd at dangers undescried;—
But soon the tidings came, that sudden blow
From ambushment unfear'd had laid them low,
And all had fall'n, but messenger alone.—
I may not here describe a mother's woe,
The silent agony at first, and then the tone
Of pious grief, with which she sought the gracious throne.

15.

She did not sink beneath th' incumbent weight,
As sunk great Mornay's spouse, when her dear son
Met on the battle-field his sudden fate,
Pierc'd to the heart, as he to vict'ry run.—
But though she truly said,—'Thy will be done,'—
Knowing, amidst the storm, that all was right;
Yet there were thoughts, her reason could not shun,
Of force her peacefulness of mind to blight,
If faith had not supplied the feebleness of sight.

16.

She was a widow; he her only child,
In her declining years her hope and stay,
Whose sweet companionship her cares beguiled.
Ah, who shall blame her strong affection's sway,
And tears, now lonely wand'rer in the way?
How blest beyond all mortals here beneath
Was she by bier, on which her dead son lay,
When Christ with voice, that reach'd the ear of death,
Reviv'd his lifeless frame, restor'd his parted breath?

17.

'O, could th' unutterable bliss be mine!'
She said,—'but surely God is just and good,
And ne'er, though keen the blow, will I repine.'—
Few days had pass'd, when lo, before her stood
Her living son, escap'd from distant wood,
When captive led, in ambushment unslain.
And now the sudden change of her mind's mood
Had wellnigh sent wild fancies to her brain,—
Thus seeing him, she had not hop'd to see again.

18.

Hast thou not seen along the field wide-spread,
When swift-wing'd clouds were passing through the sky,
How light and shade successively have fled
In rapid speed, like coursers rushing by;—
Now nature beaming forth most gloriously,
And now a chilling gloom outspread around?
In this man's earthly state we may descry,
Which ne'er is fix'd, but ever changeful found,
Till midnight shades of death envelop all the ground.

19.

Wunnissoo had been griev'd, then rapt in joy,
And fill'd with overwhelming gratitude;—
But ne'er is earthly bliss without alloy;
Full soon she lost her new recover'd good.
The fever, plague of northern latitude,
Through Waunseet's youthful veins was creeping slow,
And undermining all youth's hardihood.
He sunk from day to day beneath the blow,
Till, triumphing, he bid adieu to all below.

20.

Ah, who in this low world would always live,
And see his being here unmeasur'd grow,
Lost to the bliss, which brighter worlds may give,
The joys untasted, which in heav'n do flow?
The heart with earthly bliss, in sooth, may glow;
But 'tis like meteor's light in midnight sky,
That sudden shoots a beam on earth below,
Shining aloft one moment gloriously,
Then vanishing away from dark and dreary eye.

21.

Hast thou a sweet companion of thy way,
Fair as the snow-white lily of the lake,
Mild as the breath of morn in fragrant May,
Of firmest love, which time can never shake?
Oh envied wight! Of bliss thou dost partake,
Pure and of high degree. But hark, a moan!
Alas, thy blissful heart with grief doth break,
For the blest angel of thy path is gone,
And thou dost walk a weary pilgrim all alone.

22.

Beneath thy shade springs there a glorious plant,
Fair image of the parent tree so nigh?
Its form has ev'ry grace and charm, I grant;
Its blooming flow'rs are gladd'ning to the eye.
But frowning clouds are gath'ring in the sky;—
Now comes the icy storm in fury down,
And smites thy gentle plant unpiteously,
While all about the ground confus'd are strown
The honors of thy son, a transcript of thine own.

23.

Such grief, O Spenser, bard of Faery Queen,
And desolation such did thee befall:
Such was thy mournful destiny, I ween,
When rebel fury smote thy castle wall,
Beneath whose stroke it totter'd to its fall.
And thou from raging storm didst fly in dread,
Leaving behind what thou couldst not recall,—
Thy beauteous child,—like flow'r on desert spread,—
Crush'd by the hoof of fiery war-horse in his tread.

24.

Such too thy grief, O Beattie, Scotia's pride,
For well may virtuous Scotland boast of thee,
Champion of Virtue and of Truth allied,
And minstrel too of lofty fantasy.
In manly youth, with mind enlarg'd and free,
Thy son was torn away. Thy heart oppressed
Was desolate, like wreck afloat at sea,
Borne unresisting by each wave unblest,
Till, whelm'd beneath the flood, there came the promis'd rest.

25.

How idle, then, the poet's visions fair?—
But dreams of uncurb'd fancy in the night,—
But unsubstantial castles in the air,
Built on the changing clouds in rapid flight!
We need the hope of good beyond our sight,
The confidence of bliss beyond the skies,
The joys of piety, the Spirit's might,
The beams of kindness from a Saviour's eyes,
That under heaviest weight of woe we strong may rise.

26.

Is there no cause, that wakes the tempest's rage?
Is nought exacted but the bitter tear,
And ling'ring grief, which time can scarce assuage?
Ye smitten men! this needful lesson hear:—
The storm should lash the pois'nous atmosphere:
If worldly bliss a film spread o'er the eye,
The vision must be purg'd by hand severe;
The film must be remov'd, or turn'd awry,
To ope the way for glorious beam from God on high.

27.

Full well we need the discipline of woe.
A worldly, narrow heart, and darksome mind,
The love of ev'ry bright deceit below,
Contempt of moral good enlarg'd, refined,
Of direful threats a fearlessness most blind,
And equal unbelief of promis'd good,
With base ingratitude for love most kind;—
These swarm in man, as flies on carrion food,
And call for sharp correction of such desp'rate mood.

28.

Yet vain to most is chastisement applied,
The hand, that smites, unseen by sinful eye.
The loss of good oft rouses angry pride,
And oft calls forth the heavy, hopeless sigh.
One to the place of folly then will fly,
Or take the wildering cup his grief to drown,
Or weave anew the tissue of a lie,
Or cast afloat new hopes, as bubbles blown,
Or seek to build again the structure overthrown.

29.

Wunnissoo wept indeed, yet scarce knew why.
For her dear boy she could not weep, removed
From sin and suff'ring to his God on high;
Present with Him, whom she supremely loved;
Secure beyond all danger, and approved,
As she might hope, by final Judge of men:
She would not call him back: it then behooved
Her to rejoice. And for herself the pain
Was needful and would prove her everlasting gain.

30.

'My garden draws my steps,'—I hear her say,—
'When, dropping many a seed in the soft ground,
Nought but brown earth my busy eyes survey;
But hope foresees the change, which soon is found.
Let warmer airs their influence breathe around,
Let rains descend, and glowing suns arise;
The embryo life, that seem'd to sleep profound,
Will rise in beauteous flow'rs before my eyes,
Cloth'd with the wondrous hues of sunset autumn skies.

31.

'Who works this wonder? 'Tis the blessed Power,
Whose promise, that the sleeping dust shall wake
And have immortal life at destin'd hour,
Cheers my sad heart. Th' eternal morn will break,
And mould'ring bodies forms of beauty take.
Then sleep, my lov'd ones, till the time shall be,
When angel trump the solid earth shall shake.
O, bliss beyond all thought, again to see
The faces, that I lov'd, in heav'nly ecstasy!

32.

'More thrilling still and higher my delight,
When I my Saviour's face shall also see,
God's only Son, with glory beaming bright.
I mourn o'er those I lov'd, and that lov'd me:—
O, how their beauty shone resplendently?
But grace, with loftiest dignity combined,
Transcending all, that meets the worldly eye,
From Christ shall pour on ev'ry holy mind
A tide of heav'nly bliss and raptures undefined.'—

33.

The mind, that loves the ways of Providence,
In all things sees the beams of good and right.
So have I seen the wide magnificence
Of nature with the purest ice bedight,
When ev'ry tree and branch was vested bright
With crystal garb, as if by magic wove,
And ev'ry twig did glitter on the sight
Loaded with gems,—a glorious diamond grove,—
Fit emblem of the world, when seen with eyes of love.

34.

The mighty sun, great source of light and joy,
His race unwearied runs; the silver moon
Walks in her brightness through the silent sky,
Queen of the glitt'ring hosts at night's mild noon;
The earth, with countless forms of beauty strown,
The kindness and the pow'r divine displays,
With living beings fill'd, the fair and boon.
The world is one wide temple to the praise
Of Him, who built it, and is good in all his ways.

35.

Though sin, like rushing torrent, sweeps along,
And wastes the bliss of ev'ry heart impure;
Yet to the holy man, in virtue strong,
Relying on his Father's promise sure,
And on his mercy, which doth aye endure,
No evil happens. From his righteous path
To wicked ways no tempter shall allure:
On him shall never fall the blazing wrath
Of God offended, which the sinning man shall scath.

36.

Wunnissoo throve beneath the pruner's hand,
As tree, whose lat'ral, lower branches gone,
Grows upward with more rapid growth. The band,
Fast'ning her to the earth, dissolv'd, alone
In this wide world, she sought a heav'nly throne;
Yet sought it by the deeds of holy love,—
By list'ning to affliction's humble moan,—
By soft'ning others' cares, while yet she strove
By truth and pray'r to guide full many to heav'n above.

37.

She travell'd into years, and long survived
Her first beloved teacher, friend, and guide;
And e'en her second pastor she outlived,—
Edwards,—whose mighty intellect descried
Deep mysteries, errors with truth allied,
And threw broad light on darkness of the mind;
Yet who, unhurt by philosophic pride,
Toil'd to instruct the Indian unrefined,
The wand'ring to reclaim, the fetter'd to unbind.

38.

Her death was tranquil, as her life was good:
No fearful shapes were gliding in her sight,
Nor chang'd her mind's serene and heav'nly mood.
Her countenance was calm, save that the light
Of joy and hope sublime broke forth in might,
As visions of the future fill'd her eye,—
Visions of quicken'd frame, and mansions bright,
Of radiant hosts of blessed saints on high,—
Her Saviour's form, and raptures of eternity!

39.

So, when the sun was set in autumn's eve,
And dark, irreg'lar line of clouds hung low,
Like alpine range, yet space beneath did leave
Of purest sky, while all above the glow
Of richest hues was spread on clouds of snow,
I've gaz'd, entranc'd, with fix'd, unsated eye,
As on a distant, soften'd mountain's brow
And tranquil silver sea, in which did lie
The islands of the blest, while glory beam'd on high.

40.

'Long have I liv'd,'—she said,—'and tried th' extremes,
Wisely arrang'd, of earthly grief and joy;—
Along my path were shed now heav'nly gleams,
And now the shades, that fall from troubled sky:
But all is vanish'd from my death-struck eye.
Farewell to all the scenes of earth beneath:
I go to share th' unmingled bliss on high!'—
When this was utter'd with her failing breath,
Wunnissoo clos'd her eyes in peacefulness of death.

41.

The visions of a dying saint are true.
Death will but lead to life of endless years,
The grave to heav'n, where joy is ever new.
Then wherefore do we shed the bitter tears,
As friend of Jesus sinks and disappears?
Think you, that eye will ne'er again unclose,
Nor sound e'er pierce the portals of those ears?
Think you, those lips will ne'er the thought disclose,
And that the marble frame ne'er wakes from long repose?

42.

The many-footed caterpillar creeps
His destin'd period slow along the ground,
Then weaves his web, in which he dies, and sleeps,
While northern streams in icy chains are bound:
But when the spring returns, and merry sound
Of songsters fills the grove with melody,
He bursts the cerements, that had wrapp'd him round,
And comes forth in a form, that charms the eye,
To float aloft in air a gilded butterfly.

43.

And shall then man, more noble than a worm,
Created, like the worm, by pow'r of God,
Ne'er feel the influence, that shall change his form,
But always sleep beneath the valley's clod?
Shame on the doubt: it should receive the rod
Of sharp rebuke in him, who well descries,
How life springs up from ev'ry vernal sod,
And beauty rises, where corruption lies,—
All nature teeming with still deeper mysteries.

44.

What reason must admit, by faith is known ;
And faith is reason's trust in word divine.
On dead man's tomb once lay a sealed stone,
While Roman guard stood watching in a line;—
Vain toil that side-pierc'd sleeper to confine!
For lo, the warders tremble in despair,
For earthquake shook the ground like bursting mine,
And angel's face out-gleam'd with lightning-glare;
The stone was roll'd away ; that sleeper is not there!

45.

He rose the first-fruits of the harvest-grave,—
Abundant harvest, not for sickle ripe,
But rip'ning ev'ry day. He rose to save
A guilty world, for which he bore the stripe,
And scoff of men, the mock'ry, and the gripe
Of death. He rose;—triumphant he did rise,
Away the shame and foul reproach to wipe,
And bring a glorious hope to man, that dies,
And reassume his disrob'd glory in the skies.

46.

And as He rose, so all, that sleep in dust,
In the great day, which ends the earth's career,
Will wake from death. The wicked and the just,—
The tott'ring frame, that fell without a tear,
The beauteous form, to weeping eye most dear,
The parent, brother, sister, child, and spouse,—
Adam's whole race will rise their doom to hear.
The angel's trump will pierce each narrow house,
And ev'ry sleeper from his dreamless bed will rouse.

47.

Then will the minist'ring angel-bands divide
Th' innum'rous host, as shepherds separate
The goats from sheep, and place them on each side
Of glorious Judge on his pure throne elate,
As character shall draw the line of fate.
Secrets disclos'd, disguises torn away,
The heart alone, as fill'd with love or hate,
And acts, which law regard or disobey,
Will seal the everlasting doom in that great day.

48.

Ah, what avail the monarch's golden crown,
And purple robes of earthly dignity
With pearls and glitt'ring diamonds thickly strown,
If now the culprit lifts his conscious eye,
Plac'd on the left of heav'n's bright majesty?
His pow'r abus'd, and truth and right o'erthrown,
Passion uncheck'd, though suff'rers rais'd their cry,
Pollution wide-spread from the tainted throne,—
Such tow'ring guilt will meet the Judge's darkest frown.

49.

The warrior too, who once with eagle eye
Gaz'd on the field of slaughter outspread wide,
Who lov'd full well the bloody revelry,
The glorious array and battle's pride,
And deem'd himself a god the storm to guide,—
Will now, like pale-fac'd coward, stand aghast,
His fierceness and his glory laid aside:
He shrinks, as woman at the battle's blast,
And moans like fallen wretch, whose blood is welling fast.

50.

The griping miser too, that wrung his gains
From the poor toiler's weary strength and food;—
The rich man, though no crime his conscience stains,
Yet faithless, with a dearth of actions good;—
The lustful youth, that in dark solitude
Sheds with'ring blast on beauteous virgin's fame;
The man with mighty intellect endued,
Who hates God's truth:—all these, cast down and tame,
Will stand dismay'd, the heirs of everlasting shame.

51.

False, cruel priests, that in high places sat,
The selfish shepherds too, though good their creed,
That cloth'd them with the wool, and ate the fat,
But fail'd the wand'ring flock to guide and feed;—
The proud contemner of the heav'nly meed,—
Dark hypocrite, who wore a mask of white,—
All, who are mark'd with vile, unholy deed,
All, who of blessed gospel's sound made light,
Will look with anguish on the Judge, enthron'd in light.

52.

'Depart ye cursed, into quenchless fire,
Where Satan and his angels fiercely rave,'—
To them the Judge will say in righteous ire:—
'For I was hungry, and no meat ye gave,
Thirsty, and yet no drink from death to save;
In prison, and my woe ye would not see;
In sickness, sinking fast into the grave,
And coldly ye withheld due charity:—
Ye did it not to these,—ye did it not to me!'

53.

O, this is not a dream of fancy wild,
Nor bugbear to restrain the vulgar throng,
Nor idle tale to terrify the child,
Incredible by man of reason strong.
The Judge himself, whose words the skeptics wrong,
This awful scene has spread out to the eye,
Warning to all. Nor will the time be long,
Ere, reader, thou wilt find, 'tis not a lie,
But truth of God and terrible reality.

54.

Terrible, but not to thee, if on the right
Thou then shalt stand among the good and wise;
If in the Saviour's likeness, pure and bright,
Thou liftest to thy friend thy raptur'd eyes.
Oh, blessed hosts, heirs of the crystal skies,
To glory rising from dishonor'd graves!
Ye now shall find, that virtue never dies;
That martyr's zeal, which tyrant's arm outbraves,
Leads to a radiant, heav'nly throne, where Jesus saves.

55.

There stand the prophets and apostles true,
And all good champions of the faith. There stand
The heroic suff'rers for the doctrine new,—
The scoff in early age of Roman band;
And all in later days, who bore the brand,
The scourge, the wheel and rack, and kindling flame,—
Torments, by modern Roman tyrant planned,—
False priest, assuming good and holy name,
But now an outcast with those wretched heirs of shame.

56.

There are the heralds of the cross, whose zeal
And vig'rous faith, and heav'nly charity
Dissolv'd the tend'rest ties, which mortals feel,
And urg'd them o'er the waste of boist'rous sea,
That they might preach glad tidings, and set free
The slaves of Satan from their galling chain,
And give them truth's eternal liberty,—
Freedom from superstition, sin, and pain;—
That Saviour's blood, unknown, might not be shed
in vain.

57.

There in resplendent form of glory shine
All holy men, whose lives their goodness prove,
Whose minds receiv'd the rays of truth divine,
And hearts were kindled with the Saviour's love.
Though once in various conflicts fierce they strove,
And bore an untold weight of earthly woe,—
The chastisement from hand of God above
Deserv'd, though still in kindness sent; yet now
Their Master plants unwith'ring crown upon their
brow.

58.

He says,—'ye blessed of my Father, come,—
Heirs of the kingdom high, for you prepared
Ere earth was form'd,—possess your final home;
For in my want your goods I freely shared;
And when in loathsome prison, undebarred
By pride and shame, ye came my grief to know:
Such love to mine your love to me declared.'—
Then have the righteous endless life; but, lo,
The wicked pass away, deep plung'd in endless woe!

59.

Swept quickly off by whirlwind's sudden blast,
A calm is left and clear, transparent sky;
When blessed host themselves do prostrate cast
In adoration of the King on high;
And then they strike the joyous minstrelsy,
That through all heav'n's echoing arches rings,—
'Eternal praise to God's high majesty,
And glory, honor, pow'r, and thanksgivings
Be thine, O holy Lamb, whose blood salvation brings!'

HYMN OF THE REDEEMED.

'Holy, holy, holy, Almighty God,
Who wast, and art, and art for aye to come!
Most worthy Thou to bear the sovereign rod,
And sway all worlds beneath th' empyrean dome,—
Both settled orbs of light, and orbs that roam;
Worthy by all their hosts to be obeyed,
For thou all worlds and all their hosts hast made.

'And worthy Thou, the Lamb of sacrifice,
To bear the honors of thy glorious state!
To Thee all blessing, praise, and thanks shall rise,
And nought thy full-orb'd glories shall abate,—
The Father's Son at his right hand elate;
For Thou wast once for our redemption slain,
And crucified on yonder smoking plain.

'There our first breath did draw the tainted air,
And there contagious guilt had seiz'd our mind;

And we had perish'd in forlorn despair,
But Thou the wondrous, healing balm didst find,
And in thy skill the wounds of sin didst bind:
Thou didst outpour upon the cross thy blood,
And we were wash'd in the red, sacred flood.

'When all our thoughts sunk down, like nightly dews,
Precipitated to the dark, cold earth,
The holy, blessed Spirit did infuse
New hopes and joys, and give a heav'nly birth,
Stamping God's form on mould of little worth;
For such was God's decree of boundless love,
Electing mortals to this bliss above.

'Then straight we breath'd a pure and joyous air;
Bright visions cheer'd us in our heav'nward way
Midst earthly woe, and strife, and want, and care
Thy steadfast promise was our firmest stay,
And nought could shake our hope, nor bring dismay:
E'en when we walk'd through death's terrific vale,
His darts struck harmless our celestial mail.

'And now we bend before th' eternal throne,
With body disenthrall'd from chains of night,
And glorious, like thine own, O Holy One,
And spirit pure as this infolding light,
While all the Godhead beams upon our sight;—
Snatch'd from yon whirlwind's blast, and full endued
With blessed heaven's illimitable good!

'Keen thirst and hunger we shall feel no more,
Nor shall the noonday sun our strength bring low;
No lightnings here will strike, nor tempests roar;
No pain shall rack, no bitter tear shall flow,
Nor aught of ill be felt, we knew below.
The living fount of joy here pours its tide;
And, Jesus, thou in our bright path dost guide!

'To Thee we owe the diadem, we wear,
Mocking the earthly diamond-glitt'ring crown;
To Thee we owe th' unmeasur'd bliss, we share,
Th' immortal glories, thick around us strown;

And our deep debt we will forever own ;
For thou didst stoop to raise us to this height,
And fix our home in this out-beaming light.

'Then, while th' eternal cycles hold their way,
We'll shout aloud love's rapt'rous, ceaseless song.
To Thee, whose hands the scars of love display,—
Saviour from ev'ry tribe of countless throng,—
To Thee do wisdom, honor, pow'r belong!
Salvation to our God on his high throne,
And to the Lamb, the slain and Holy One!'

WRITTEN AFTER THE FUNERAL OF MY BELOVED WIFE, WHO DIED JUNE 3, 1828, AGED 40.

My Malleville! I've plac'd thee in the grave,
And thou dost sleep now calmly with the dead;
And there wilt sleep till He, whose arm doth save,
Shall lift thee from thy lowly, silent bed;
Shall call thee forth, as spring-flow'r bursts the clod,
To bloom above before the throne of God!

Thrice five times have I seen the vernal grove
Put forth its budding honors green and fair,
Since first thy hand was mine, thy virgin-love,
Thy loyal heart, and tender zeal and care:—
And all this while thy soul hath cleav'd to mine
With ties of purity and strength divine.

How lovely was thy face, when in the bloom
Of youth it beam'd upon my raptur'd eye?
How lovely, when, o'erpast the mother's doom,
It gaz'd upon thy babes so tenderly?
No face,—I've thought in many a blessed hour,—
Was fram'd like thine for sweetness and for power.

But I have seen thee in thy deep repose,—
The sleep of death;—and there was loveliness,
Which nought of living beauty ever shows,
And which no earthly language can express;—
A holy calm, like the still vault above,
And dignity, which spoke of heav'nly love!

But, O, how lovely will thy form appear,
When all the slumb'rers in the silent ground
Shall the archangel's piercing trumpet hear,
And rise to judgment, as they catch the sound?
Then will thy face beam radiance divine,
For Jesus' glorious likeness will be thine!

Would I recall thee to this painful life?
I would not, if my broken heart I know,—

No, not again as friend and lovely wife;
For thou art safe. Let raging tempests blow,
And toss my shatter'd bark on angry sea;
No storm nor billow can extend to thee!

Thy form sleeps where the weary are at rest;
But, high above this ball of mist and shade,
Thy purest spirit is in heav'n most blest,
And nought thy rapt'rous bliss shall e'er invade,
For thou dost dwell in God's eternal light,
And thou art guarded by his arm of might.

A few sad hours have fled, since thou didst say,
When from short absence I return'd to thee,—
'This unto me has been a weary day,
Longing my darling friend again to see.'—
Alas! when next were spread the shades of night,
The damps of death were settled on thy sight!

Yet was thy love unfaltering in death;
For even in thy parting agony
Thou didst suppress the struggling of thy breath

To listen to thy husband's broken cry,
As thy cold, pulseless hand he wildly grasped,
And pray'd his hold might not yet be unclasped.

I've lost thy love, the chosen of my heart!
Thine eye is dark; and all thy winning smile
No more the thrilling gladness will impart,
Nor thronging, idle cares and griefs beguile.
The charm of life is gone; its hues are fled;
And earth's bright hopes extinct, since thou art dead!

Yet long we've deem'd life but a meteor's glare,
And all the hues of life illusions vain,
And all earth's hopes a false, deceitful flare,
Since nought, we hold most dear, can we retain.
Thus have we thought and said, but now I feel;
I welcome too the woe, for thine's the weal!

I've lost thy love; for in that tide of light,
Which from the throne of God doth ever flow,
And near th' eternal fountain of delight

No thought of thine can reach this world below.
Though seraph on earth's mission swiftly flies,
Thy rest is in the blessed paradise.

And thou art joining in the heav'nly song,
Bursting, like torrent, from the harps of gold,
Resounding through heaven's arches by the throng
Of ransom'd sinners, and with joys untold,—
'Let wisdom, honor, pow'r in highest strain
To Thee, O Lamb, be paid, for thou wast slain!'

I've lost thy love; and yet it is not lost,
For all thy bliss and rapture shall be mine!
A few more days on angry billows tost,
And my freed spirit shall be join'd with thine:
Together from the dust our forms shall rise,
And love will beam again from thy blue eyes!

NOTES

FOR

The Vale of Poosatunnuk.

NOTES.

WUNNISSOO, the name of the leading character in this poem, means in the Hoosatunnuk language, 'She is beautiful;' and it must be allowed to be a word of a sweet Indian sound.

As of the four hymns, which close the cantos of this poem, the first happens to be without a title, with which each of the three others is furnished, perhaps it would be brought into harmony with them by what may be deemed an appropriate title, 'The Youth embarking in the Voyage of Life.'

Through Hoosatunnuk's vale there flows the stream.
Canto I. st. 1.

THE County of Berkshire, 50 miles by 20 in extent, the most western county and most elevated territory of the State of Massachusetts, borders on New York on the west, Vermont on the north, and Connecticut on the south. It lies chiefly in the vale of the Hoosatunnuk, though resting in part on a mountain ridge on each side, on the east and the west, and including Saddle Moun-

tain on the north. Mount Washington is at the south-west corner. The River Hoosatunnuk, flowing through this valley, is constituted by two branches, from Windsor and Lanesborough, which unite in Pittsfield, whence it takes a southerly course, and, after enriching also the towns of Lenox, Lee, Stockbridge, Great Barrington, and Sheffield, and moving the thousands of wheels of manufacturing establishments, passes through the State of Connecticut, and empties into Long Island Sound at Stratford, midway between the Connecticut and the Hudson rivers.

The valley, occupied by these six beautiful and flourishing towns, bears the name of the river: it is the Vale of the Hoosatunnuk. Dr. Dwight, in his Travels, says, the true word is Hooestennuc, meaning,—on the authority of Dr. Jonathan Edwards, who was skilled in the Indian language,—"over the mountain." Its composition from any Indian words is not known.

Pittsfield being in the centre of Berkshire, the towns at the north are Lanesborough, Cheshire, Adams, and Williamstown: from the last place the Hoosuck River flows to the north and west and empties into the Hudson.

The Indian names of rivers, lakes, mountains, towns, and states, which are still retained in our country, are frequently names of great beauty and significance. The Connecticut means the long river; the Kennebec, the snake river; the Mississippi, the great river. What fine sounding names are the Susquehanna, the Monongahela, the Shenandoah, the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the Alabama?

In the centre of Massachusetts is a mountain, called Wachuset, which is the Indian word for mountain,—it being indeed a mountain by way of eminence, the highest in that region. The Indian word Massachuset is compounded of the words Massa, great, and Wachuset, mountain, meaning great mountain. Roger Williams says, "I had learnt, that the Massachusetts was called so from the Blue Hills, a little island thereabout [in Narraganset Bay]; and Canonicus's father and ancestors, living in those southern parts, transferred and brought their authority and name into those northern parts." Smith calls the Blue Hill of Milton, the highest hill in the neighborhood of Boston, "the high mountain of Massachusit."

Pontoosuc then the spot, now Pittsfield named.

Canto I. st. 6.

That part of the valley of the Hoosatunnuk, which is now occupied by Pittsfield, was called by the Indians Pontoosuc; and the west branch of the river, Hoosatunnuk, which in this town unites with the east branch, is called the Pontoosuc. The first white settlement was made in 1752. At a town meeting in 1753, it was voted to build a meeting-house and to raise money for the support of a religious teacher. In 1761, Pontoosuc was incorporated by the name of Pittsfield, so named in honor of William Pitt, the Earl of Chatham, the friend of America.

The venerable Elm, which still stands in the centre of the public square, was spared, when the other forest trees

were cut down. It is 126 feet in height, and its trunk measures 90 feet, ere the limbs branch out.

Saddle Mountain, lying in Adams and Williamstown, about 20 miles distant at the north, is a beautiful object. Graylock is the name of its highest peak, about 2,800 feet above the valley at Williams College and 3,580 feet above the tide-water at Albany.

A father's holy face, &c.—Canto I. st. 7.

Rev. Thomas Allen, the first minister of Pittsfield,—a native of Northampton and a graduate of Harvard College in 1762, in a distinguished class, including Drs. Eliot and Belknap, Judge Francis Dana, and Governor Gerry,—was ordained April 18, 1764, and died Feb. 11, 1810, aged 67 years. He was not only a faithful and eloquent minister, but a patriot of the Revolution, a chaplain in the army, and on one occasion he played the part of a soldier. He thought it his duty to march with a company of his own people in a three days' campaign to Bennington, and with them fought in the successful battle, which checked the advance of Burgoyne. The third day he returned home, and the next day, Sunday, preached to a joyful congregation. I remember well two large, square, white flint-glass bottles, which he brought as trophies, captured with a Hessian surgeon's horse, the wine of which he gave to the wounded.

His wife, Elizabeth Lee, daughter of Jonathan Lee, the first minister of Salisbury, Conn., died March 31, 1830, aged 82 years. Her descent from William Bradford, the distinguished early Governor of Plymouth,

was as follows: 1. His son, Major William Bradford; 2. Alice Bradford, married in 1674 Rev. William Adams of Dedham; 3. Abiel Adams, married Rev. Joseph Metcalf of Falmouth: 4. Elizabeth Metcalf married Rev. Jonathan Lee.

Of their 12 children, the names of the deceased, omitting two who were quite young, were as follows: Thomas died in Boston, a member of the Legislature from Pittsfield, in 1806, aged 37; Jonathan, a Senator, died in Pittsfield in 1845, aged 72; Elizabeth, married to William P. White, a Boston merchant, died in London in 1798, aged 23; George Washington died in Georgia in 1820, aged 38; Clarissa, married to John Breck of Northampton, died in 1831, aged 52; Captain Samuel Lee died in Georgia in 1816, aged 32; Love, married to Eleazer Wheelock Ripley, a general in the war of 1812, died in Louisiana in 1820, aged 34; Solomon Metcalf, a Professor in Middlebury College, Vermont, died in 1817, aged 28; Elisha Lee, a surgeon in the army, died in Louisiana in 1817, aged 24.

That the writer of this is now a solitary pilgrim, the only survivor of such a large family, is one of the lessons of providence concerning the delusive, vanishing scenes of the earth, which, to his readers, his fellow-travellers on this little globe, he has aimed to teach in his rhymes.

Canto I. Stanza 11.

The origin of our Indian tribes is a question of interest. As all men descended from Adam, and as the human family was spread from Asia over the earth, the question

naturally arises, whence was the American continent settled? And yet another question presents itself,—were all the ancient inhabitants of America descendants of one branch of the eastern family?

As it is only 40 miles across Behring's Straits between America and Asia, that is doubtless a point, at which the inhabitants of Northeastern Asia passed over into America and spread themselves over North America. There is a general resemblance among a multitude of the Indian tribes and an affinity in their languages, besides that many of the tribes have a tradition, that they came from the northwest.

In respect, however, to the Mexicans, and to the numerous tribes of the West Indies and Central America from Mexico to Panama, and of South America, there is reason to believe, that they had a different origin, or that some of them had, especially the tribes of Mexico and Central America. The difference in religion and in the knowledge of sculpture and architecture is very great and striking.

Mr. George Jones published in London, in 1843, the History of Ancient America, in which he advances the theory, that the inhabitants of North America were descendants of Israel, and those of Central America the descendants of the Tyrians. According to him, Azelmic was King of Tyre, in August, 332 years before Christ, when the city was taken and destroyed by Alexander; and the fugitives escaped in vessels of Sidon and sailed to the Canaries, and thence to America. From Teneriffe to Florida, being about 3,300 miles, with a favorable

trade wind, the voyage could be made in a month. Thus this first migration across the Atlantic was 1824 years before the rediscovery by Columbus.

As to the proof of this theory the writer says, there was a tradition in Mexico, that their fathers first touched in Florida. Then he imagines, that he finds some hints in scriptural prophecy concerning Tyre. But if this and one or two other arguments should be unsatisfactory, another argument is certainly deserving of great consideration, founded on the resemblance between the Tyrian religion and architecture and the religion and architecture of the Mexicans and the neighboring tribes.

The North American Indians have no architectural stone ruins; but such ruins abound in Central America, at Uxmal, Cholula, Palenque, Copan, and Yucatan, for information concerning which the reader is referred to Humboldt, Stephens, and Norman. The pyramidal ruins, with the peculiar structures on them, are only traceable as Egypto-Tyrian architecture. The sculptures also prove the Tyrian origin, as does also the worship of Saturn, the victim-craving Moloch of Canaan's descendants. From the Canaanites sprang Sidon, then Tyre, then Carthage: they sacrificed their children by fire to their idols. As the Tyrians sacrificed them to Apollo, or the Sun, so the Mexicans made the same sacrifices in the temple of the Sun; and Mr. Squier, in his work on Nicaragua, among many prints of stone idols, which he discovered, has given one of a frightful idol, found at Bensacola, an island of the Nicaraguan lake, near Grenada, the eyes of which are large, round, and staring, the

mouth widely distended, the lower jaw held down by the hands, and the tongue reaching to the breast. How awful must it have been to "the devotees of the ancient religion, when the bloody priest daubed the lapping tongue with the yet palpitating hearts of his human victims?"

Such is the theory of Mr. Jones. It is certainly a remarkable fact, that Central America is distinguished from North America by its architecture and sculptures in stone and the sacrifice of human victims to idols; and there is no easier nor more probable explanation of the fact, than that Central America was settled by the Phenicians or the fugitives of Tyre, 15,000 of whom escaped in the ships of Sidon from the flames of the city.

One would expect, that some light would be thrown upon this subject by the examination and comparison of languages. Here may be a field of future labor and discovery. At present, we are able to compare the languages of the Mohegans of the North, of the Mexicans and other tribes of Central Americans three or four thousand miles distant, and of the Araucanians or Chilians as many miles south of them; and we find no affinity whatever as to words. It is remarkable also, that in this respect there is a perfect dissimilarity among tribes living near each other in Guatemala and Nicaragua.

Mr. Squier has given a table of 200 words in the Nagrandan and Chorotegan languages, near lake Nicaragua and of the Mosquito, but in the three languages no two words appear to be alike. Thomas Gage says, there were 18 languages in Guatemala. The Pochonchi, of

which he gives specimens, has no resemblance to the foregoing nor to the Mexican. To this last, however, there is a strong resemblance in the Niquiran, near the Bay of Fonseca, which is accounted for by the Niquirans being a dispersed colony of Mexicans. It is remarkable, that the Araucanian language extends 1200 miles along the Pacific coast: but this has no resemblance to the Mexican, in which the letters B, D, F, G, R, and S are not to be found: it is said, that in the Peruvian also B, D, G, R, X, and Z are wanting. But in the Chilian all the words terminate in the six vowels and in B, D, F, G, L, M, N, R, and V.

The Indian languages are rendered peculiar by what are called bunch words, by which are often expressed a whole English sentence by one compound word;—as in Eliot's Bible, 'thou hast dove's eyes' is in Indian in one word, which any one may undertake to pronounce, who is able—namely, Kooskuhwhannansuskesukonom. In the Mohawk the name of Joseph Brant, meaning, 'two sticks of wood bound together,' was in one word, Thayendanegea. In the following instance by Mather, for 'our question' the English is short and the Indian bunch is sufficiently long,—Kummogkodonattoottummooctiteaongannunnonash.

Were scions of the old Mohegan tree.—Canto I. st. 11.

The word Mohegan is an abridgment of the word Muhhekaneew, in the singular, the plural of which is Muhhekaneok. The word signifies 'the people of the great waters, continually in motion.' Not only the

Stockbridge Indians and those in the neighborhood in the State of New York, extending to the Hudson River at Albany, but the Indians also at Montville, between Norwich and New London, in Connecticut, were called Mohegans. By some they are regarded as one of five associated tribes,—the Delawares, called by the French the Loups, being another,—speaking the same language. It has been said, that the "Mahiccons occupied Staten Island, York Island, Long Island, and that part of New York and Connecticut, which lies between Hudson and Connecticut rivers, from the Highlands down to the Sound."

Mr. Heckewelder says, the true name of the Mohegan Indians is Mahicanni, and that the Dutch called them Mahikanders; the French, Mourigans and Mahingans; the English, Mohiccons, Mohuccans, Muhhekanew, Schaticooks, River Indians.—This last name may have been given because they dwelt on the Hudson, Hoosatunnuk, and Connecticut rivers; or only because they lived on the Mohicannittuck, river of the Mohicans, or the Hudson.

Soon after the settlement of New York, the principal Indians were denominated Mohegans, consisting of various tribes, or bands, living chiefly on the east side of the Hudson River. When the Director-General, Kieft, and Council, held a treaty Aug. 30, 1645, the Mohegan chief, called Aepjen, was the leader of the assembled red men, and spoke for the Wappinnecks, Wechquaesqueecks, the Sintsings, and the Kitchtawauks: and at this time peace was reëstablished. Other Mohegan tribes were the

Siwanoys near Norwalk, the Manhattans, the Pachami, the Wappengins, and the Tankitekes. But most or all these Indians were at this time in a degree of subjection to the Mohawks and paid them tribute.

Josselyn gives the following description of the Empire city: "New York is situated at the mouth of the great River Mohegan, and is built with Dutch brick, the meanest house therein being valued at 100 pounds. To the landward it is compassed with a wall of good thickness. At the entrance of the river is an island well fortified, and hath command of any ship, that shall attempt to pass without their leave."

Mr. Bolton, in his history of Westchester, says, that at the time of the Dutch discovery, "the Mahicanni resided on the east shore of the Hudson." These were the Mankicani and Mahikans of De Laet, the Mahiccanders and Mohickanders of the Dutch, the Mahikans or Mohegans according to Professor Ebeling, and the Muhhekaneew or Mohegans, known in New England history. Mr. Bancroft says,—"the country between the banks of the Connecticut River and the Hudson was possessed by independent villages of the Mohegans, kindred with the Manhattans; whose few smokes once arose amidst the forests on New York island." A small lake, 4 miles from the Hudson at Peek's Kill, is still called Mohegan.

According to Brodhead, when the Mohegans, who lived opposite to fort Orange or Albany, were expelled by the Mohawks from their ancient abode, they settled themselves on the fresh river, called Connettecock by the natives, under the Sachem Sequeen; and probably

at this period they entered the Berkshire or Hoosatunnuk valley, and spread themselves over the State of Connecticut. As there were 13 bands of Indians on Long Island, among them the Montauks, the Shinecocks, the Rockaways, so the number of small clans was much greater on the main land. The river at New London soon bore the name of Mohegan, and the Indians in that neighborhood were called Moheeks.

The Mohegan language, concerning which Dr. Edwards published his Observations, in 1788, is, according to him, "spoken by all the Indians throughout New England. Every tribe, as that of Stockbridge, that of Farmington, that of New London, &c., has a different dialect; but the language is radically the same. This language appears to be much more extensive than any other language in North America. The languages of the Delawares in Pennsylvania, of the Penobscots bordering on Nova Scotia, of the Indians of St. Francis in Canada, of the Shawanese on the Ohio, and of the Chippeways at the westward of Lake Huron are all radically the same with the Mohegan. The same is said concerning the languages of the Ottowaus, Nanticooks, Munsees, Menomonees, Messisaugas, Saukies, Ottagaumies, Killistinoes, and Algonkins."

The following specimens of words from different tribes will show the affinity of many of the Indian languages. Being collected from various writers, of different languages, who had no common method of denoting particular sounds, there was doubtless a greater similarity in the pronunciation than appears on paper.

House.

Mohegan, *Weekwom, Weekuwuhm.*
Norridgewock, *Wigwam.*
St. Francis, *Wigwam.*
Penobscot, *Wigwam, Wiket.*
Miami, *Weekaumay.*
Scoodiac, *Wannojikowam.*
Shawanese, *Wigwa.*
Algonkin, *Wikiwam.*
Delaware, *Wikwam.*
Munsee, *Wichquam.*
Chippeway, *Wigwaum.*

This last gives the sound of the a in wam of the other words.

River.

Mohegan, *Seepoo, T'seepoo, Theepow.*
Massachusetts, or Natick, *Sepu.*
Narraganset, *Seip.*
Norridgewock, *Seepoo.*
St. Francis, *Seepoo.*
Penobscot, *Seeboo.*
Schoodiac, or
Passamaquoddy, *Seipb.*
Micmac, *Sepoon.*
Skoffie, *Shee-eep.*
Delaware, *Seepoo, Sipu.*
Chippeway, *Seepee, Sippim.*
Algonkin, *Sipi, Sipim.*
Miami, *Seepeeway, Sipioué.*
Pottawatameh, *Seebee.*
Knisteneaux, *Sepee.*
Shawanese, *Thepee, Sepe.*

Mountain.

Mohegan, *W'chu, Whauchoo.*
Massachusetts, *Wadchu, Wadchuash*, plural.
Penobscot, *Waad-jo, Wau-cho.*
Schoodiac, *Waadich, Wadjoo.*
Miami, *Atcheewee.*
Delaware, *Wauchchoo, Wauchchoowall*, pl.
Chippeway, *Wudju, Wudjuwun*, pl.

Fish.

Mohegan, *Namase, Namass.*
Naticks, *Namohs, Namohsoh, Namohsog*, pl.
Narraganset, *Namauss.*
Penobscot, *Nom-is.*
Schoodiac, *Nom-is.*
Delaware, *Namees.*
Chippeway, *Kickon.*

Fire.

Mohegan, '*Thtouw, Stauw.*
Natick, *Nootau.*
Narraganset, *Squutta, Note, Yote, Mickot.*
Norridgewock, *Skootai.*
St. Francis, *Scoottah.*
Penobscot, *Scoutay, Skwit-ta.*
Schoodiac, *Skwit, Skoot.*
Mountaineer, *Schootoo.*
Skoffie, *Schkootow.*
Algonkin, *Scoutay.*
Messisaugas, *Scooteh.*
Chippeway, *Scutta, Ish-koo-da.*
Knisteneaux, *Scoutay.*
Shawanese, *Scoote.*
Miami, *Kohteway.*

Shoe.

Mohegan, *Mkissin.*
Natick, *Mohkissonash*, pl.
Narraganset, *Mocussinash*, pl. *or* *Mockussinchash.*
Norridgewock, *Mukkaysen.*
Penobscot, *Mukkaysen.*
St. Fancis, *Mokasin*, *Mokkausin.*
Mountaineer, *Mashtashun.*
Skoffie, *Masteshun.*
Algonkin, *Mauckisin.*
Chippeway, *Maukissin.*
Knisteneaux, *Moscasin.*
Nanticoke, *Mechkissins.*
Delaware, *Mauxen.*

The Sun.

Mohegan, *Keesogh.*
Narraganset, *Keesuckquand, the Sun-god.*
Norridgewock, *Keezoos.*
St. Francis, *Keesoos.*
Penobscot, *Geesoos, Kéesoos.*
Micmac, *Nakoushet.*
Mountaineer, *Beshung.*
Skoffie, *Beeshoon.*
Algonkin, *Kijis.*
Chippeway, *Kissis, Geessessey.*
Delaware, *Gees-chuch.*
Minsi, *Gis-chuch.*

Winter.

Mohegan, *Hpoon.*
Natick, *Popoon.*
Narraganset, *Papone.*
Norridgewock, *Payboon.*
St. Francis, *Pehboon.*
Penobscot, *Papoon.*
Mountaineer, *Poopoohen.*
Skoffie, *Poopoon.*
Algonkin, *Pepoon.*
Chippeway, *Pepoon, Bebone, Peeboan.*
Knisteneaux, *Pepoon.*
Nanticoke, *Poopponu, Hoppoon.*
Miami, *Peponway.*

Devil.

Mohegan, *Mtandou, Mannito.*
Natick, *Mattannit.*
Norridgewock, *Matseneweskoo.*
St. Francis, *Mattchantoo.*
Penobscot, *Machihando.*
Schoodiac, *Ma-chi-handt.*
Algonkin, *Matchi, Matchi-manitoo.*
Chippeway, *Manitoo, Matchee-manitoo.*
Delaware, *Machtando, Matshi-mannitto.*
Shawanese, *Matchemenetoo.*
Nanticoke, *Mattanntote.*
Miami, *Matchee-manetoo.*

A Bear.

Mohegan, *Mquoh.*
Natick, *Mosq.*
Narraganset, *Mosk.*
Algonkin, *Macqua.*
Chippeway, *Mackwah.*
Knisteneaux, *Masqua.*
Shawanese, *Mauquah.*
Delaware, *Machk.*
Menomonies, *Ouwashah.*
Miami, *Moskway.*

Water.

Mohegan, *Nbey, M'ppēh.*
Natick, *Nippe.*
Narraganset, *Nip.*
Norridgewock, *Nabee.*
Penobscot, *Kneppi, Nippee.*
St. Francis, *Nehbee, Nupee.*
Algonkin, *Neepee, Nipi, Nīpei.*
Chippeway, *Nebbi, Nippee.*
Knisteneaux, *Nepee.*
Messisaugus, *Nippee.*
Miami, *Napay.*

Notwithstanding this radical affinity of many of the Indian languages, this identity of many words, yet there is also a great dissimilarity between them.

Mr. George Catlin, in his remarkable volumes concerning the American Indians, expresses his belief that of the 48 tribes, which he visited, 30 had languages distinct and radically different.

While Dr. Edwards regarded the Mohegan as the standard Indian language, Mr. Heckewelder, a Missionary to the Delawares, regarded the Lenni Lennape or Delaware as the standard language; "each considered the particular dialect, with which he happened to be most familiar, as the principal or standard language, and the rest as branches or dialects of it."

Perhaps the reader will be satisfied, that Dr. Edwards is right, and that the claims of the Mohegan are superior to those of the Delaware, from the following considerations.

Mr. John Pickering has published a vocabulary of 45 words in 14 languages supposed to be of a common stock, in which 'to die,' and 'dead' are in Mohegan Nip and Nepoo, and in Delaware they are Angel, and Angelluk.

On examining the other dialects, the Munsee has Angellowoagan for 'to die,' and the Nanticoke has Angel.

No other language has any similar word. But corresponding to the Mohegan for 'dead,' Nepoo, the Shawanese has Nepwa; the Narraganset has Nippitch ewo; the Massachusetts has Nuppoo; and the Chippeway has Neepoo.

And corresponding to the Mohegan Nip or Neep, 'to die,' the Narraganset has Nippitch ewo; the Massachusetts has Ut-nuppun; the Algonkin has Nip or Nipowen; the Chippeway has Nip; and the Knisteneaux has Nepew.

'A Bear' in Mohegan is Mquoh and in Delaware Machk. The Narraganset has Mosk and the Massachusetts also; but the Shawanese, Algonkin, Chippeway, and Knisteneaux have Mack-wah or Musk-quaw in two syllables, like the Mohegan.

'A beaver' is Amisque in Mohegan, also in Knisteneaux; Amik in Algonkin and Chippeway. The Delaware has Tamáque, the Shawanese has Amaquah, the Munsee has Amochk; the Nanticoke has Nataque; the Narraganset has Tummock; the Massachusetts Tummunk; the Penobscot Toumakoi; the Norridgewock Temakwa; and the St. Francis Temarqua. Here the Delaware has the strongest party.

On the other hand, the Mohegan Hpoon for 'winter' is supported by a similar word in the Nanticoke, Narraganset, Massachusetts, Penobscot, Norridgewock, St. Francis, Algonkin, Chippeway, and Knisteneaux, — while the Delaware Lowan for winter has the support only of Munsee.

Metooque for wood in Mohegan has in the other lan-

guages Mehtug, Wudtuckqun, Mittick, Meteek, Mistick,—while the Delaware Tachan has only the support of Netaukun in the Messisaugas.

The Mohegan Pumissch for 'go' has a similar word in five languages, while the Delaware Aal for 'go' stands alone.

Mannito in Mohegan means 'spirit;' so in Algonkin, and Chippeway; and Mattanit in Massachusetts; but the Delaware has Tschipey, tschitschank, with the solitary support of Tsee-e-p in Nanticoke.

On the whole, from this comparison it is evident, that the Mohegan has a greater affinity to more dialects and to more important ones, than the Delaware, and it seems but an act of justice to regard the Mohegan as the leading and standard language in the northern part of America.

It should be remembered, that at the north there is one language entirely distinct from the Mohegan dialects, and that is the Iroquois, formerly of the interior of New York, including the five nations—the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Senecas, and Cayugas. When the Tuscaroras of North Carolina joined them, they were called the six nations. The Dutch called these Indians the Maquaas.

It has been claimed by some of our distinguished writers, that the Algonkin should be regarded as the leading language of the central parts of our country from the eastern sea-board to the Mississippi. But I perceive no good reasons for the allowance of this claim. The Mohegan language of New York, Connecticut, and

the Hoosatunnuk valley has been known from the early settlements, also the Narraganset of Rhode Island, and the Natick of Massachusetts, in which was early printed Eliot's complete translation of the Bible. Either of these languages, as well as the Delaware, it would seem, has claims superior to the Algonkin.

This term was used by La Hontan, a French officer, who went to Quebec in 1683, and for four years was stationed at different forts from Chambly up to the falls of St. Mary. He was at Green Bay in 1689, and thence he proceeded to the Mississippi. His travels were published in 1705; some of his accounts are the inventions of a traveller. His brief vocabulary of the Algonkin has no great authority, for Charlevoix says, that Sagard, Cartier, and La Hontan "took at random a few words from the Huron and others from the Algonkin tongues, which they very ill remembered, and which often signified something very different from what they imagined." According to La Hontan himself, the insignificance of the Algonkin nation was such, when he travelled among them, that the whole number did not amount to two hundred souls. It is obvious, then, that the word Algonkin has no claim to be the generic name to indicate the prevailing dialect of many thousands of the Indians of the east and the north. It does not appear from what particular band of Indians the name was taken, although the Encyclopedia Americana speaks of them as living on the Assiniboin or Rainy Lake, and Prairie de Portage, amounting to 600. "They are in the general practice of polygamy, and much given to the use of intoxicating liquors;—they are declining, and in a miserable state."

Modern writers say, that the Algonkins, the Chippeways, and Ojibwas are precisely the same; then why not remove the confusion, which has been introduced by the use of the three terms, by rejecting the words Algonkin and Ojibwa and using only the common, well-known name of Chippeway? Yet of late there has been invented the new term Algic, as though it was the root of Algonkin, and this is employed to comprise the host of languages spread over most of the United States; but it is a word of no more advantage or authority in this respect, than would be Chippic or Ojibbic, fashioned from the other names of this tribe. Accepting, then, the well-known name of Chippeway, and carefully distinguishing it from the more northern Chepewyan, the question comes, why should not the old Mohegan of New York, Hudson River, and the sea-board be the general term, if any is wanted, to denote the cognate languages, rather than the Chippeway of the lakes and of the northwest interior?

In his arrangement of the Indian tribes, La Hontan gives first the names of the several tribes in Acadia;—next, those on the St. Lawrence, from the sea to Montreal,—the Papinachois, Montagnois, Gaspesiens, Abenakis of Sciller, and Algonkins,—then, those on Lake Huron, Outaouas, Nockes, Missiaugues, Attekamek, Outchipoues, called the Sauteurs;—further, on the borders of Lake Illinois, the Illinois of Chegakou, Oumamis, Maskoutens, Kickapous, Outagamis, Malomimis, Pouteouatamis, Ojatimons, Sakis. He also mentions other tribes. For what reason, it may be asked, can the word

Algonkin have been selected to stand as the representative language of all these tribes or Indian nations?

As a subdivision of the Northern Indians there is one name, that of the Abenakis, which has been often employed and which requires consideration. It is maintained by Mr. Heckewelder, that the Delawares along the Atlantic between the Hudson and the Potomac were called by the western and northern Indians Wapanachki, corrupted into Abenaki, Abenaquis, meaning Eastlanders, "people at the rising of the sun." But this may be an error; for Father Ralle had before given the name to some tribes in Maine, especially to the Norridgewogs, among whom he lived, and whose vocabulary is published as the Abnaki. Other tribes were the Ameriscoggans and the Penobscots. These, and some other tribes in Maine might more properly than the Delawares be called 'Eastlanders,' if such be the meaning of Abenaki. The Openangos of La Hontan mean the Abenaukis.

In 1812 Mr. Schermerhorn made a report concerning the Indians east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio to the Lakes, in which he estimated them at about 19,000, of which the Chippeways made only 1,000. The other equal tribes were the Wyandots, Ottaways, Delawares, Miamies, Kickapoos; the still larger tribes were the Putawatamies, Sauks, Foxes, Winnebagoes, and Menomenes. Of the Indians in New England and New York he made no estimate. Perhaps the Chippeways have been so situated, as to be brought more in contact with the travellers along the lakes and the agents of our government; hence the prominence given to this tribe.

In examining the totems, or pictorial signatures of the Abenakis and their allies, in all nineteen or twenty, among which is that of the Algonkins, there is nothing in the last to distinguish it from the others or to indicate any superiority. Indeed, the image of a frog will not be regarded as of so high a dignity as that of the eagle, the fox, the elk, and of other animals. Mr. McKenney found at the head of an Indian grave a pine board with the form of an elk cut in it, "doubtless the totem of the band, to which the deceased had belonged." That band, as appears from the totems now before me, was the Pentugooay. From the Algonkin totem I should conclude, that it indicated a small clan, as was indicated by the other totems.

It is a very remarkable fact in regard to the Indian languages of North and South America, supposed by Adelung to be 1200 in number, that although they may be divided into classes, which bear no resemblance to each other in words, yet they are all alike in a peculiar grammatical structure, by which they are distinguished from all the languages of Europe, and by which they have an affinity with the Hebrew and other languages of the East. The following illustrative examples may be given.

The Mohegan, representing the dialects from the Atlantic in New England to the Mississippi; the Cherokee, representing the languages of Florida; the Poconchi, representing those of Central America, near Guatemala; the Orinoco languages; and the Araucanian, representing the dialects of Chili, are dissimilar in

words, but they are all alike in the use of personal prefixes and suffixes to nouns and verbs.

In Mohegan, the pronouns I, thou, and he, are Neah, Keah, Uwoh, the first letters of which, N, K, and U, are prefixed to nouns; as tmohhecan, a hatchet; ndumhecan is my hatchet; ktumhecan, thy hatchet; utumhecan, his hatchet.

So in Cherokee, galuiha, I am tying it; haluiha, thou art tying it; kahluiha, he is tying it.

In Poconchi, the prefixes are V, A, and R: thus, ixim, corn; vixim, my corn; avixim, thy corn; rixim, his corn. Or, if the noun begins with a consonant, the prefixes are Nu, A, and Ru: as pat, a house; nupat, my house; apat, thy house; rupat, his house. In like manner tat, father; holom, head; cam, hand; car, fish; tsi, dog.

In Orinoco, apoto means a rule; japatoi, my rule; avapotoi, thy rule; itapotoi, his rule.

In the Araucanian or Chili tongue the pronouns are inche, I; eimi, you; teye, which. The word elun means to give; it also means I give, rendering the use of inche unnecessary. Then we have, elun, I give; eluimi, thou givest; elui, he gives. In the case of the last two words the pronouns are affixed, instead of being prefixed.

In Hebrew the pronouns are ani, ka, as suffix, and hu, or hua. Ni is the suffix for me; k or ka for the second person; and vau, the letter u and hu are the suffixes for he and him. Nu expresses us; so in Mohegan Nuh is used, as noghnuh, our father.

Mr. Nuttall has pointed out the resemblance in lan-

guage, habits, and morals between the aborigines of North America and the Tartar tribes of the Russian Empire. From the peculiarity of structure in the American languages, distinguishing them from those of Europe, it may perhaps be justly concluded, that all the American Indians had a common Asiatic origin, in accordance with the teaching of the divine word as to the origin of the whole human family.

In the Mohegan there is no diversity of gender. The same words express he and she, him and her. Hence these Indians in speaking English are apt to say, if one was speaking of his wife—'he sick, he gone away.' Thus nsconmoo means not only, 'he is malicious,' but also 'she is malicious.' . . The prefixes and suffixes are always used, although other nominatives and accusatives are expressed, for which reason the Indian speaking English retains his own idiom, however strange to our ears. Instead of saying 'John loves Peter,' the Indian says, 'John he loves him Peter,' John nduhwhunuw Peteran.

The Mohegan language may be regarded as extending from New York island over Connecticut to Narraganset, including Long Island, and from the Hudson, the old Mohegan River, as high up as Albany, to the Hoosatunnuk valley. Various specimens of the language are the following.

Words from the Montauk chief on Long Island by John Lyon Gardiner. Massakeat mund, great good spirit; saunchen, king; seaunskq, queen; wonnux, white man; wonnuxk, a white woman; wewauchum, Indian

corn; mausqueseets, beans; ausgook, pumpkins; quaubaug, a round clam; suxawaug, a long clam; niep, water; keagh or eage, land; yunksquauh, a young woman; massakeat mund sumana Inshun wewachum, Great Spirit give Indian corn. Inchun, an Indian; tobaugsk, tobacco; cheaganan a hatchet; mashuee, a canoe; squashees, a little girl; weenai, an old woman; weadamus, roast corn; cutdaus, boiled corn; seaump, pounded corn; cheesk, small; chiauk, large; weegan, good; muttadeaio, bad; the numerals, nuckit, neeze, nisk, yuaw, nepaw; conma, nusus, swans, passecucond, jujunck.

An Indian woman, named Sarah Mawweek, born in East Haven, lived in 1787 at Derby Bridge, which she called Naukatungk, and gave to President Stiles the following words—yet ignorant of the name of her tribe. Ruuh tah, fire; toof ku, night; kee sup, day; tookh, tree; k't schwak, a great tree; iskkaheeg, cider; m'nukqh wuk, the seven stars; awaussuse, the ursa major, a bear; oopht, a deer; n'pee, water; shunneegh, a squirrel; Mioonkh took, East Haven; quinnepyooghq, the river; Mautunsq, West rock; ruink, or rink, man; weenigh, woman; kochee, old man; weeneece, old woman; seepooh, river; kuthun, sea; m'nuksquo, rock; wat-chooh, mountain; woosquat, walnut tree; unkhkupee, rum; pawtumpung, break of day.

The following list of Mohegan words, obtained from the Indians near Norwich, was given me in 1831, by Sarah Lanman Huntington, then their Sunday religious teacher, afterwards the wife of Rev. Dr. Eli Smith of

Syria, now reaping her reward. It is dated at Moheeg, which was the Indian name of their village at Montville, on the River Thames, formerly the Mohegan River. A bear, wossoos; eye, nee; ear, tauog; girl, squassise; he, noheen; his heart, wuttah; his head, noquunnuk; thou, keen; his teeth, weebuck; thank you, taubot; hair, wishagan; I, neen; water, nip; how, tuneh; elder sister, neeticks; river, osseed; dead, nuppoo; devil, jubi; fire, yote; marry, ocksoo; shoe, moccussin; her husband, wasak; where, phibug; winter, uppoon; numerals, nghud, nees, chusoke, yough, nuppa; n'quittasuch, neisuck, ghuhoosk, bossoohoogan, biog.

If any one is curious to make now a comparison with brief specimens of the Plymouth and Virginia languages, they are here given. The following are all the Indian words of Massasoit and the Indians, connected with Plymouth, which have been preserved.

Kiehtan or Ketan, *God.*
Sagimus, *Sachem, king, prince, chief.*
Towaum, *friend.*
Pinese, *a counsellor.*
Maske, *probably mosk, bear.*
Sachimo comaco, *a Prince's house.*
Maskiet, *physic.*
Commoco, *feast and dance.*
Witeo, *an ordinary house.*
Squaw-Sachim, *the Sachem's wife.*
Neen womasu sagimus, *my loving Sachem.*
Keen Winsnow? *Art thou Winslow?*
Ahhe, *yes.*
Matta neen wonckanet namen, Winsnow! *O Winslow, I shall never see thee again.*
Hobbamock, *the devil.*
Quatchet, *walk abroad.*
Howok, *I am taken.*
Askooke, *the snake.*
Wobsacuck, *the eagle.*
Powah, *a juggler.*
Pniese, (Pinese?) *chief.*
Mazzium, *Indian Corn.*
Neen Squaes, *I am a girl.*
Chise, *old man.*
Kiehchise, *a man of exceeding age.*
Hinnaim namen, *by and by it should see.*
" michen, *it should eat.*
Matta cuts, *but not speak.*

This dialect, it would appear from these words, is

strongly allied to the Narraganset, as given by Roger Williams, or is the same.

The following are a few words from the Virginia Powhattan and Pampticoe languages.

1. *Powhattan.*

Broken maize, *homony.*
House, *yehawkan, wigwaum.*
Shoes, *mockasin.*
Axe, *tomahawk.*
Knives, *pamesauk.*
Pickaxes, *tockahock.*
Water, *suckahanna.*
Friends, *netoppew.*
Sun, *keskough.*
Night, *toppgough.*
Star, *pummahuwp.*
God, *okee.*
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, *necut, niugh, nuss, yough, parauske.*
Chief, *werowance.*
Grey goose, *cohonk.*

2. *Pampticoe.*

Axe, *tomahick.*
Tobacco, *hookpau.*
Water, *umpe.*
House, *vigwaum.*
Gods, *mantoac.*
Shoes, *moggison.*

Hariot says, the Virginians have for their idols temples, which they call Machicomuck: this is the Mohegan for Great House for a Sachem. Machauk means in Mohegan great, and Sachimo-comaco, as used at Plymouth, means Sachem's house.

Canto I. Stanza 16.

The trade for furs with the Indians was an important source of profit to the first settlers of New England; and this profitable trade has been wonderfully extended to the west and the north, and continues to the present day. But instead of only the skins of musquash and beaver and a few other furred animals, a great variety of valuable and costly furs are now carried from America to satisfy the claims of fashion in other parts of the world,—such as the ermine, the black and silver fox, the sable, the raccoon,

the fisher, the lynx, the mink, the otter, the squirrel, the martin, the bear. As for the supply of buffalo robes several hundred thousand buffaloes are killed every year; the race may ere long become extinct.

Whether "a needment" or not, a pipe is almost inseparable from an Indian. The war-pipe is smoked; and in holding a treaty the parties concerned must begin with smoking the pipe of peace. Very beautiful and splendid calumets the Indians made of a stone, procured only in one place in this country,—from the red pipe-stone quarry of the far West, visited and described by Mr. George Catlin, by whom I was favored with a specimen. It lies in the latitude of Montreal, 2 or 300 miles west of the Falls of St. Anthony.

Among the Indian "needments" the kettle was very important. The Ahkuk or Ohkuke in the Natick language, the kettle, was made of pottery or of stone. The only one of stone, which I have ever seen in Massachusetts, was recently ploughed up in Northampton, the Indian Nonotuck, after reposing in the ground nearly 200 years. In the Narraganset the word is aucuck; in the Chippeway, akeek; in the Delaware, akeek or aukeek; in the Penobscot, kook; among the Esquimaux, ahkusik. My Nonotuck kettle is made of soap-stone and is internally about six inches deep and seven in diameter. From ear to ear is ten inches. In the centre of one side is an oval hole with a neat plug or stopper of the same stone. The kettle was often made of clay earth mixed with feldspar, quartz, and shells. An akeek of pottery was found by Schoolcraft in a cave of the River St. Mary

Michigan; it is in the cabinet of the New York Historical Society. To this Society I have presented the Nonotuck Ahkook as a memento of the Connecticut River Indians, the last of whom, at Nonotuck, recently died. She was a native of Mohegan, near Norwich, and a niece of Samson Occum, the celebrated Indian preacher.

The following is the inscription on her marble gravestone. "Sally Maminash, the last of the Indians in this town, died Jan. 3, 1853, aged about 88 years. She was a Christian woman of eminent faith and piety; and in her age and want she found noble Christian friends, whose reward is with God." Mrs. Sophia Clap deserves honorable remembrance for giving a home to Sally for many years; she died Nov. 2, 1846, and her husband Warham Clap, died Oct. 7, 1852, aged 82.

The love of Onkuppee, &c.—Canto I. st. 16.

The supply of the Indian appetite with rum or whiskey has been a great cause of the continued degradation and misery of our copper-colored brethren. Speaking of the Chippeways, whom he saw on the shores of Lake Superior, Mr. McKenney says, "nothing can exceed the poverty and wretchedness of these people, and their love of tobacco and whiskey. One of the old men, who came ashore out of one of these canoes, said he had eaten nothing for two days, and yet his first request was for tobacco. In general it is for whiskey. Tobacco is the Lethean antidote for all their exposures and wants. An Indian loves to soothe his brain with it, and, as if seeking to do this, never smokes without blowing

the fumes in streams from his nostrils as well as his mouth." The pipe is two feet and a half long, and the bowl rests on the ground.

I am not sure but among the whites there is a pretty close connection between the smoke of tobacco and the flames of the fire-water; for who will be found to be so fond of strong drink as great smokers? And if it be true, as it doubtless is, that the free sale of fire-water and the ready supply of it to the slaves of a debasing appetite is one great cause of crime and misery in the community, how can any man of common sense and common benevolence doubt the right of the people to require of their legislators the enactment of prohibitory and efficacious laws? We have known laws to reward the killing of crows and to punish the killing of robins, because the former tear up the corn and the latter eat up the insects, which are injurious to the farmer. Will not a small share of the intellectual power, which approves of these laws, approve also of laws, interdicting the sale of a poison, which overthrows man's reason and creates an army of criminals and paupers in the community?

Canto I. Stanza 18.

The name of John Sergeant should be held in honor in connection with Eliot, the Mayhews, and other friends and teachers of the Indians. He was a native of Newark, a graduate of Yale in 1729, and after being a tutor four years, he went to Hoosatunnuk as a preacher to the Indians in Oct. 1734. He remained with them as their

teacher till his death July 27, 1749, aged 48, the families of the red men under his care having increased from 8 or 10 to 53, the number of souls being 218, which number was afterwards increased to 400.—Jonathan Edwards succeeded him as a minister both to the whites and the Indians until his removal to become the President of Princeton College.

After the emigration of these Indians, in 1785 and 1788, from Stockbridge to New Stockbridge, near Utica, New York, Mr. Sergeant's son, John Sergeant, was to them a missionary, in all 60 years; he died Sept. 8, 1824. The missionary spirit is not extinct in Mr. S.'s descendants; Mrs. De Forest, of Stockbridge, has lately returned on account of ill health from a mission to Syria of 13 years.

At Wnahtukook there liv'd a worthy chief.—Cant. I. st. 22.

In 1734 the Hoosatunnuk Indians lived in two places,—in Stockbridge and Sheffield,—10 miles apart. The settlement, in what is now Stockbridge, was called Wnahktukook—meaning Great Meadow;—and that in Sheffield near the line of Great Barrington was called Skatekook. At the former place the chief man was Kunkapot, to whom Governor Belcher gave the commission of captain about 1734; and at the latter place the chief man was Lieutenant Umpachenee, who died Aug. 10, 1751. Nov. 2, 1735 Mr. Sergeant baptized Kunkapot by the name of John, his wife Mary, and his eldest daughter. The next Sunday he baptized the rest of his family; and Nov. 16, the lieutenant by the name

of Aaron, his wife Hannah, and the rest of his family. Of him Mr. Sergeant says—"he is a clear-headed, smart man, of a deep reach, and pleasant humor; and is one of the best speakers we hear; is free in conversation, and talks excellently well." In 1736 the lieutenant and the few Indian families, living with him, removed to Wnahktukook.

Other Indians were Ebenezer and Sarah, who chose to be married after the English manner: Wnampee and his wife, who were baptized, as was Tohtohkukhoonaut, the lieutenant's brother, and Nawnawnekenuk, a principal man, usually called Nawneek.

Monument Mountain, which is chiefly in Great Barrington, just below Wnahtukook, is not unknown to song.—As William C. Bryant spent years of his youth and early manhood on the banks of the Hoosatunnuk, his poetry breathes of the scenery around him, and of the events of the valley, as in the pieces, in his volume of poems, 1834, entitled 'Monument Mountain,' 'I broke the Spell,' 'An Indian at the burial-place of his Fathers,' 'Green River,' and 'A Walk at Sunset.'

Could the Indians now, in this year 1856, revisit their old abodes and places of resort in Berkshire county, with what astonishment would they look upon the mighty changes, which have been produced by patient industry, by enterprise, by science and genius, by inventive powers, and the generous and profuse outlays of wealth? A wilderness has been changed into a paradise. A magnificent temple of science stands at the northern gate,—fit companion of its near associate, a towering moun-

tain height,—in which presides a very learned and much honored son of Berkshire. In the central Pontoosuc is a large and prosperous Institution for the culture of the female mind and heart,—with a multitude of other schools of learning scattered over the whole region. Everywhere are the meeting-houses of stone, and brick, and wood with their spires pointing high upwards to the skies. The marble of Berkshire shines out resplendently in the magnificent structures of our cities, and in the wide-scattered, humble memorials of the dead. Its lime is boundless, and its iron is everywhere doing its mighty work or smoothing the way of the swift traveller. Its immense production of paper creates a repository of intellect for the whole country. Its flocks are associated with the finest of cloths. Improvement is everywhere making its rapid advances. Could an ancient Indian revisit the beloved Hoosatunnuk, he would see at "Brookside," reared in the wilderness occupied by his fathers, one mile from the village of Great Barrington, a costly and splendid mansion, the residence of one retiring from the accumulation of wealth in the city to the quietude and varied delights of a residence in the country. With what amazement would he visit in that mansion a gallery of costly and splendid paintings by foreign and American artists, one of them a large historical picture of Washington at the battle of Monmouth, by Leutze, who also painted Washington crossing the Delaware? And would not his heart burn with gratitude to Mr. David Leavitt, who in making excavations for his buildings, as he found the bones of

about 30 Indians in sitting postures with their faces to the west, had them carefully removed and placed in a new burying-ground with a neat marble monument to their memory? With what wonder would he look upon that huge cascade barn, unequalled perhaps in the world, with "Roaring Brook" rushing in the midst of it, and accomplishing a multitude of agricultural labors, elsewhere done with human hands?—But more than all the wonders of nature and of art he would behold throngs of men, women, and youth of high intelligence and true virtue, with minds irradiated with eternal truth, and hearts glowing with love to God and man, the redeemed disciples of Jesus Christ, and the heirs of immortal glory,—a more happy vale, perhaps, than any of its magnitude on the face of the earth, and whose sons and daughters have carried the light of the gospel to the ends of the world.

A wampum belt compress'd her mantle's fold.

Canto I. st. 26.

The use of wampum by way of ornament in various articles of dress furnished a fine proof of taste and skill on the part of the Indian women. The wampum is a small bead or cylinder, made of a sea shell, a quarter of an inch long, and strung together, and thus attached by way of ornament to a leather belt or other article of clothing. When the beads were in strings or unstrung, they were passed as money, called peag. Commonly these were white; and hence the name of wampum from wampi, white; but when made of the black or

purple part of a shell, they were of double value. The white were made of the metauhock, or periwinkle, and the black of the paquauhock. Sucki meaning black, they called this black money suckauhock. Before their acquaintance with the English they drilled or bored the shells with stones; but afterwards with awls. At one time it required 450 beads to make a strand, worth a dollar and a half. Speaking of these beads, Josselyn said, "they make many curious works with them to adorn the persons of their Sagamores and principal men and young women, as belts, girdles, tablets, borders for their women's hair, bracelets, necklaces, and links to hang in their ears. The English merchant giveth them ten shillings a fathom for their white and as much more for their blue beads."

The wampum was tastefully employed in making beautiful bracelets, black and white in stripes, nearly a yard long, and worn about the wrist, or in ornamenting the leather moccasins or other parts of dress, and in decorating their various bark baskets.

The wampum strings were also woven into girdles or belts, the black and white arranged in squares or other figures. This was a rich and elegant part of dress;—and valuable belts were also noble and acceptable presents.

The moccasins were beautiful Indian shoes, made of soft deerskin, without soles, with a kind of lappets on each side, ornamented with wampum, or porcupine quills dyed of red, yellow, and other colors.

Canto I. Stanza 29.

The word Mohekun I have formed by a slight variation of the generic word Mohegan, so that the bearer of this name may fitly and by an easy association be viewed as the representative of his tribe.

Canto I. Stanza 41.

I should be glad to introduce the poetic nightingale and sky-lark into my verse; but unhappily they do not belong to America. Nor is the wonderful mocking-bird heard in New England. We have reason to be delighted with the hearty robin and cheerful cat-bird, and other thrushes, as well as with the Baltimore oriole, more recently known amongst us. John Gorgas, of Wilmington, Del., imported 42 sky-larks, and liberated them in March and April, 1853, hoping they would increase in this country.

Such seem the rules, to modern poets given.

Canto I. st. 51.

That modern poets, believers in the Christian religion, should address in their writings the heathen gods, as if they were real beings, it is not easy to account for, unless it be owing to their perfect familiarity, by reason of their education, with the polytheism of the pagans. The following are a few instances:—

Gray addresses Adversity as the "daughter of Jove," and he calls her "dread goddess."

Collins speaks to Liberty:—

"O, goddess—
Let not my shell's misguided power

E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears."

Thomson also deifies Liberty—

"Oh, gracious goddess! reinspire my song."

Akenside calls upon the "goddess of the lyre"—"eternal harmony"—to descend.

Armstrong does not explain what he means, when he says—

"Ye, guardian gods, on whom the fates depend
Of tottering Albion."

Campbell, in his Gertrude, says—

"O, Love!—
And here thou art a god indeed divine."

All this is very much in the manner, in which the Roman Catholics address their worship to the Virgin Mary. For them, however, it may be said, that they believe or endeavor to believe, that their idolatry is innocent. Without doubt the poets believe, that their worship is very idle, and means nothing.

Canto I. Stanza 52.

The Indian canoe, carrying two or more persons, is often very beautiful, and is a remarkable specimen of Indian ingenuity. Josselyn, long ago, gave the following description:—

"Their canoes are made of birch. They shape them with flat ribs of white cedar, and cover them with large sheets of birch-bark, sewing them through with strong threads of spruce roots or white cedar, and pitch them with a mixture of turpentine and the hard rosin, that is dried with the air on the outside of the bark of fir-trees."

"If their canoe overturns, they can swim naturally, striking their paws under their throat like a dog, and not spreading their arms, as we do ; they turn their canoe again, and go into it in the water."

Mr. McKenney describes one of the larger canoes, in which he travelled on Lake Superior in 1826, as follows: "Its length is thirty feet and its breadth across the widest part about four feet. It is about two and a half feet deep in the centre—its bottom is rounded and has no keel. The materials, of which this canoe is built, are birch-bark and red cedar, the whole fastened together with wattap and gum, without a nail or bit of iron of any sort to confine the parts. The entire outside is bark—the bark of the birch tree—and where the edges join at the bottom or along the sides, they are sewn with this wattap, and then along the line of the seam it is gummed. Next to the bark are pieces of cedar, shaven thin, not thicker than the blade of a knife—these run horizontally, and are pressed against the bark by means of these ribs of cedar, which fit the shape of the canoe, bottom and sides, and coming up to the edges are pointed and let into a rim of cedar of about an inch and a half wide, and an inch thick, that forms the gunwale of the canoe, and to which by means of the wattap the bark and the ribs are all sewed; the wattap being wrapped over the gunwale and passed through the bark and ribs. Across the canoe are bars, some five or six, that keep the canoe in shape. These are fastened by bringing their ends against the gunwale,

or edge, and fastening them to it with wattap. The paddles are of red cedar, and are very. light."

The seats are swung across by means of two pieces of rope passing through each end from the gunwale. The wattap are strips or threads of the roots of the spruce or cedar, and gum is taken from the pine and boiled, when it becomes hard. Such a large canoe carries about a dozen persons and five hundred pounds of baggage. Much of the work in building a canoe is imposed upon the squaws. "From the building of a lodge to the boiling of a kettle, and from the making of their husbands' moccasins to the construction of their canoes, and to the gumming and sewing them, when they require it, is an Indian woman's employment."

Canto II. Stanza 7.

As to the religious opinions of the Hoosatunnuk Indians, some were atheists; "others believed the sun to be God, or at least the body or residence of the Deity; but now they generally believed the existence of one supreme, invisible Being, the maker of all things. They believed the seven stars were so many Indians translated to heaven in a dance; that the stars in Charles's wain are so many men hunting a bear; that they begin the chase in the spring and hold it all summer; by the fall they have wounded it, and that the blood turns the leaves red; by the winter they have killed it, and the snow is made of its fat; which, being melted by the heat of the summer, makes the sap of trees."—*Hopkins.*

Canto II. Stanza 8.

Rev. Samuel Hopkins, of Springfield, who wrote the Historical Memoirs of these Indians in 1752, describes their houses as follows: "A wigwaum is an Indian house, in building of which they take small flexible poles and stick them into the ground round such space, as they intend for the bigness of their house, whether greater or less; those poles they bend from each side and fasten them together, making an arch overhead. Then they fasten small sticks to them, cutting the poles at right angles, which serve for ribs. After which they cover the whole with the bark of trees, leaving a hole in the top for the smoke to go out, and at one or both ends to go in and out."

A rough bark altar, plac'd on wigwam's floor.
Canto II. st. 8.

Some of the various uses, made by Indian ingenuity of the comparatively flexible and beautiful birch bark, are explained by Josselyn:—

"Delicate sweet dishes they make of birch bark, sewed with threads, drawn from spruce or white cedar roots, and garnished on the outside with flourished works, and on the brims with glistening quills, taken from the porcupine, and dyed, some black, others red. The white are natural. Kettles, too, they make of birchen bark, which they used before they traded with the French for copper kettles, by which you may apparently see, that necessity was at first the mother of all inventions."

Dark faces round the gloomy cabin lower.

Canto II. st. 8.

Josselyn, who arrived in 1663, and lived in this country several years, and was conversant with the Indians, published New England Rarities, also an account of two Voyages to New England. His description of the appearance, character, and manners of the Indians is as follows:—

"They are tall and handsome-timbered people, outwristed, pale and lean, Tartarian visaged, black-eyed, which is accounted the strongest for sight, and generally black-haired, both smooth and curled, wearing it long. No beards or very rarely; their teeth are very white, short, and even; they account them the most necessary and best parts of man. And as the Austrians are known by their great lips, the Bavarians by their pokes under their chins, the Jews by their goggle-eyes, so the Indians by their flat noses; yet are they not so much depressed, as they are to the Southward."

"The Indesses, that are young, are some of them very comely, having good features, their faces plump and round, and generally plump of their bodies, as are the men likewise, and as soft and smooth as a mole-skin, of reasonable, good complexions, but that they dye themselves tawny; many pretty brunettoes and spider-fingered lasses may be seen amongst them." — "Very fingurative or thievish, and bold, importunate beggars, both men and women, guilty of misoxeny, or hatred to strangers, a quality appropriated to the old Brittains; all of them cannibals, eaters of human flesh." This

last trait is not very certain, though he asserts, that while he was in the country they seized a boat-load of men and eat them up; and notwithstanding he had read, that "they would not eat a Spaniard, till they had kept him two or three days to wax tender, because their flesh was hard." In this case they did not have so good fare, as the heathen Irish, who, as Josselyn says, "used to feed upon the buttocks of boys."

"Their age they reckon by moons, and their actions by sleeps; as, if they go a journey, or are to do any other business, they will say—three sleeps me walk, or two or three sleeps me do such a thing,—that is, in two or three days."

"Their drink they fetch from the spring, and were not acquainted with other, until the French and English traded with that cursed liquor, called rum, rum-bullion, or kill-devil. This they love dearly, and will part with all they have to their bare skins for it. Thus, instead of bringing them to the knowledge of Christianity, we have taught them to commit the beastly and crying sins of our nation for a little profit."

Canto II. Stanza 9.

Rev. G. Hawley says: "I have observed in every part of the country and among every tribe of Indians such heaps of stones or sticks. The largest heap is that large collection of small stones on the mountain between Stockbridge and Great Barrington. We have a sacrifice rock, as it is termed, between Plymouth and Sandwich, to which stones and sticks are always cast by In-

dians, who pass it. This custom or rite is an acknowledgment of an invisible being. We may style him the unknown God, whom this people worship. This heap is his altar."

Mr. Bryant, in his poems, recites the tradition of a young Indian, who from disappointed love threw herself down the rocky precipice of Monument Mountain, in memorial of whom the stones were supposed to be piled up.

The Dighton or Assonet inscription on a Rock, which has persuaded some writers, that America was discovered before Columbus, has been satisfactorily explained by Ching-wauk, of St. Mary's River, employed in 1839, by Mr. Schoolcraft. This Indian, called a prophet, is at least skilful in picture-writing. His explanation is, that the inscription relates to two nations of the ancient Wakenakies of New England, recording the exploits of a war captain and prophet. The lynx is a totemic device; the sun is the same, heraldic of the clan. He finds a war camp, pipe, idol, lodge, bow bent, and lance. The three crosses denote three dead bodies.

A totem is the pictorial device or signature of a clan. Mr. Schoolcraft enumerates 10 totemic devices, as follows: 1. crane; 2. marten; 3. bear; 4. catfish; 5. brant; 6. long-tailed bear; 7. sturgeon; 8. spring duck; 9. eagle; 10. elk. He speaks of an Indian as striking at the totem of a bear, which was on a board in a graveyard.

As his signature Canonicus made the figure of a bow; his nephew, Miantonomo, made that of an arrow. Mo-

mauguin of Quinnipiac or New Haven made the signature of a bow and string; Montowese made that of a bow and arrow; Sawsounk that of what seems to be a hatchet; and by others were used marks of little expressiveness. If one may guess from the rough figures employed, the totem of the Indians of Norridgewock was a dog, of Pentugooay an elk, of Aumissookonti an eagle, of Maunbesic a turtle, of Pegwauki a goose, of Medokteck a fox, of the Micmacs a deer, of Pesmokaunti a crane, of the Algonkins a frog, of the Hurons a duck or other bird, of the Papinachois a monkey. The Norakomigoos, Arsikauntegoos, Wauniweenauks, Iroquois, Mickmacks, and Mountaineers had unknown animals for totems.

As to the Wakenakies, said to be referred to by the Indian, it is not probable, that he ever used the word with reference to the supposed old inhabitants of Massachusetts near Rhode Island. Abenaki is a word, meaning the east, used by certain French writers to denote the Indian tribes in Maine, living to the east of Canada, between Quebec and the Atlantic.

Canto II. Stanza 11.

Winslow says, "the office and duty of the Powwow is to be exercised principally in calling upon the devil and curing diseases of the sick and wounded. The common people join with him in the exercise of invocation, but do but only assent, or, as we term it, say amen to that he saith; yet sometimes break out into a short musical note with him. The Powwow is eager and free in

speech, fierce in countenance, and joineth many antic and laborious gestures with the same over the party diseased." He pretends, that Hobbamock as a snake, askooke, or as an eagle, wobsacuck, sits invisible on his shoulder and licks the wound. In his speech "he promises to sacrifice many skins of beasts, kettles, hatchets, beads, knives, and other the best things they have to the fiend, if he will come to help the party diseased. Many sacrifices the Indians use, and in some cases kill children."

Canto II. Stanza 25—28.

These catholic miracles of the hermit Clare, St. Dunstan, and St. Ivo, with a multitude of others equally marvellous, are found in authentic Catholic books, particularly in "the Church History of Brittany," written by Father Cressy, a Benedictine Monk, and published by authority in a folio volume, in 1668. A modern Catholic writer, Dr. Milner, in his "End of Controversy," maintains, that God in every age "has illustrated the Catholic church, chiefly by means of his saints, with undeniable miracles." Among his instances, he says, "a stupendous miracle took place in Saragossa in 1640, on one Michael Pellicer, whose leg having been amputated, he, by his prayers, obtained a new natural leg;"—but he does not say, whether it was put on at once, or grew out gradually, as the leg of a lobster, which had been torn away. Another of his miracles is the instant cure, March 10, 1823, at the city of Washington of Mrs. Anne Mattingley, of the palsy, by the prayers of prince

Hohenlohe in Germany, with the aid of a priest to give her the consecrated bread. She had been sick six years, and was the sister of Capt. Thomas Carberry, Mayor of Washington : her cure was deemed by her friends "equal to the resuscitation of Lazarus from the grave."

When new succeeds to old idolatry.—Canto II. st. 29.

The worship of the Virgin Mary in the established Catholic service is most obviously nothing less than idolatry : it is paying to the creature the homage, which is due only to God. And what is the bowing down to a piece of bread but idolatry? What else than idolatry is the worship of dead saints or of their images, or of a piece of wood or of metal in the shape of a cross? The divine commandment most explicitly interdicts the worship of any image whatever, and even the making of any image of God. Yet among the works of art in the churches of Catholic Italy it is not uncommon to find pictures of the Almighty, of which even some Protestant travellers speak without expressing any surprise or indignant emotion. Guido painted the Eternal Father and Jesus Christ crowning the Virgin, carried by angels to heaven. He also painted the Father, borne on clouds, accompanied by the Holy Spirit, and Cherubims holding the cross, on which the Son hangs. This picture is in the church at Rome della Trinita di Pellegrini. An engraving was made by Dorigni. Benedetti also painted the Father and the Holy Spirit contemplating the infant Jesus. From Mr. Hillard's travels we learn the following facts: Raphael's first fresco is in the church of S.

Severo at Perugio, in which is "God the Father with two child angels." In the church of San Romano at Lucca is a picture, called Madonna della Misericordia, by Fra Bartolomeo. "The Virgin stands with uplifted hands in the attitude of supplication. Above is God the Father with several cherubs. In front are several portrait figures. An old woman in red is admirable." "In the same church is another work by him of uncommon merit: St. Catharine and Mary Magdalen are kneeling, and the Almighty above. Mary Magdalen is in red and holding a vase—St. Catharine is in a kind of monastic robe of yellow—both admirable figures." In the Hall of Exchange at Perugio is a fresco, on one side of which are "several sibyls and prophets, with the Almighty in glory above them," painted by Perugino.

Canto II. Stanza 31.

As evidence of the power of the gospel among these Indians the following facts may be mentioned.

Hannah Umpachenee, wife of the lieutenant, died July 14, 1741, "with a comfortable hope of eternal life, spending her last moments in exhorting her husband and children to godliness."

Mary Kunkapot, wife of John Kunkapot, died March 29, 1742, of consumption—"having enjoyed, all along in her sickness, a good hope through grace of a happy eternity."

Katharine Kunkapot, eldest daughter of Kunkapot, died in 1746, "with good hope of future happiness and without any fears of death."

In 1746, died Kewaunnoahkuh, daughter of Naunaunekennuk, "with a strong hope of eternal life."

Peter Pohquonnoppeet, graduate of Dartmouth College in 1780, called Sir Peter, after the death of King Solomon, was one of a council, which governed the Stockbridge Indians or regulated their affairs. The others were Joseph Quanaukaunt, Capt. Hendrick Aupaumut, and Capt. John Kunkapot. The first was really chief—but preferred a council.

The second deacon in the church of Stockbridge was Peter Pauquaunaupeet.

One of my neighbors, a venerable lady now on the verge of 80, a granddaughter of President Edwards, born in Stockbridge, remembers a Capt. Kunkapot, a principal Indian among the Mohegans, who was born in 1775, and was probably a grandson of the first Capt. Kunkapot; he removed to the West. Madam Dwight has not forgotten this anecdote, that as he once visited Stockbridge on his return from an agency at Washington for the benefit of his tribe, he presented the unusual sight of an Indian with a good set of false teeth. When rallied for it, he good-humoredly replied, that it was to please his squaw! She remembers also, Capt. Hendrick Aupaumut, usually called Hendrick, who died long ago, and his daughter Betsey, an intelligent and excellent woman. She was the correspondent of Miss Edwards, who married Mr. Farrar. Another Indian is by her remembered,—David Naunaunekennuk, usually called Nauneek, who was 90 years old about the year 1790. Mr. Sergeant baptized him in 1735; he was then "a

principal man, of a very good temper and good sense, honest, faithful, and obliging." When she was a little girl, she visited him at his house of two rooms on the westerly side of the Hoosatunnuk River. He was said to be very rich, the owner of 60 horses. His house was afterwards owned by the missionary Kirkland, who enlarged it and placed his family in it. This estate, furnishing an admirable site for an elegant mansion, it is said, has recently fallen into the hands of a distinguished poet.

Mr. Sergeant wrote, that when he first came to Stockbridge, there were only 8 or 10 families, but that in 1746 there were near fifty, and that he had of Indians thirty-five regular members of the church, 13 men and 22 women, besides half a dozen members under suspension, probably for being intoxicated with the strong drink, introduced by the Dutch traders. He adds—"of our communion have died 8 or 9, most of whom seem to me to have left the world with a good Christian temper and with a well-grounded hope." At the death of Mr. Sergeant there were 218 Indians, of whom 129 had been baptized, and the church-members were 42: the whole number, by him baptized, was 182. Umpachenee, the lieutenant, died in peace Aug. 10, 1751. He had been overcome by the temptation of intoxicating liquor, but was reclaimed and passed his last days without dishonoring his Christian profession.

Canto II. Stanza 34, 35.

The names of Eliot and of others, who like him toiled to instruct the Indians in the great truths of the Christian religion, deserve to be held in everlasting remembrance.

John Eliot, called the Apostle of the Indians, was born in 1604, educated at Cambridge, England, and came to this country in 1631. The next year he was settled as the minister of Roxbury, where he died May 20, 1690, aged 86. He first preached to the Indians in their language at Newton in 1646. In 1651 an Indian town was built on Charles River and called Natick. Here he formed the first Indian church in 1660, after the manner of the Congregational churches. Soon other churches were planted. In 1661 he published the New Testament in the Natick or Massachusetts language; and in 1663 his immense work, the translation of the whole Bible, of which a second edition was printed in 1685,—entitled Mamusse Wunneetupanatamwe Up-Biblum God naneeswe Nukkone Testament kah wonk Wusku Testament. The words are generally long. Mark 1: 40. Wuttappesittukqussunnoohwehtunkquoh is one word, meaning 'Kneeling down to him.' He published the Psalms in Indian metre, and among other works 'The Jews in America,' in order to prove that the Indians were Jewish descendants. Mr. Eliot's son, John Eliot, minister of Newton, preached to the Indians in Stoughton a few years. He died in 1668, aged 32.

Daniel Gookin, a graduate of Harvard in 1669, was the minister of Sherburne and preached to the Indians at Natick. He died in 1718.

Thomas Mayhew, Governor of Martha's Vineyard, began at the age of seventy to preach to the Indians, about 1659. He died in 1681, aged 92.

John Cotton, a graduate of Harvard College in 1657, preached to the Indians on Martha's Vineyard from 1664 to 1667, giving great aid to Mayhew. He was afterwards many years the minister of Plymouth.

John Mayhew, son of Thomas, began to preach to the Indians about 1673, being the minister of Tisbury on Martha's Vineyard. He died 1689, aged 36, leaving an Indian church of 100 communicants and several well-instructed Indian teachers in different congregations.

His son, Experience Mayhew, began to preach to the Indians in 1694, taking the oversight of five or six of their assemblies. He made a new version of the Psalms and of John in 1709, and died in 1758, aged 85. He published Indian Converts in 1727, giving an account of thirty Indian ministers and of about eighty Indians worthy of remembrance for their piety.

His son, Zechariah Mayhew, a missionary to the same Indians, was ordained in 1767, and died in 1806, aged 89.

Hiacoomes, an Indian preacher, began to teach his brethren on Martha's Vineyard in 1645. When an Indian church was formed, Aug. 22, 1670, he and Tackanash were ordained by Eliot and Cotton as its pastor and teacher. He died in 1690, aged nearly 80. Japhet succeeded Tackanash.

Joseph Bourne, a graduate of Harvard College in 1722, was a missionary to the Indians at Marshpee from 1729 to 1742, being the successor of Simon Popmonet, and was succeeded by Solomon Briant, an Indian.

Gideon Hawley was a missionary at Marshpee from 1758 till his death in 1807, aged 80 years.

David Brainerd was a missionary four or five years to Indians in New York and New Jersey, and died at Mr. Edwards's in Northampton in 1747, aged 29.

John Sergeant was missionary to the Indians at Hoosatunnuk from 1734 to 1749, when he died at the age of 48.

Jonathan Edwards was his successor from 1751 to 1758, preaching also to the whites. His assistant in teaching the Indians in 1752 and 1753 was Gideon Hawley.

Dr. Stephen West succeeded Mr. Edwards as the minister of Stockbridge in 1759. To his church he admitted twenty-two Indians. During his ministry they emigrated to New York

Dr. Eleazar Wheelock, first President of Dartmouth College, opened an Indian school at Lebanon Crank, now Columbia, in Connecticut, in 1754. His first Indian pupil, some years before, was Samson Occom. In 1762, he had more than twenty Indian youth under his care. The school was known by the name of Moor's Indian Charity School, and was in 1770 removed to Hanover, New Hampshire, and associated with Dartmouth College, but still kept as a separate institution. Here many Indian youth have been educated, and, among them, two sons of the celebrated Brant. Dr. E. Wheelock died in 1779, aged 68. For enlarged views, for energy and arduous, persevering toils, and the great results of his labors in the cause of religion

and learning, no man is more worthy of being held in honor. His son, John Wheelock, LL.D., succeeded him both as President of the College and President of the Indian School; and by his successors at the head of the College both offices have in like manner been sustained.

Canto II. Stanza 38.

Samuel Newell and Gordon Hall, two of the first missionaries sent out to the East by the American Board of Missions, sailed in 1812. The former, a graduate of Harvard College in 1807, died of the cholera at Bombay, in 1821. Mr. Hall, a graduate of Williams College in 1808, died also of the cholera in 1826. Mr. Newell I well knew as an associate of a small company of pious men at Cambridge, and also Mr. Hall as a zealous preacher. They wrote together 'The Conversion of the World, or the Claims of Six-hundred Millions.' Mr. Hall's son, of the same name, is now one of the ministers of Northampton; and his widow lives with his son.

The real, efficient charity of these American Missionaries, who sacrificed their lives, that they might carry the gospel to the perishing idolaters of the East, was very different from the charity of the East in the idle prayers and cheap expedients, described by M. Huc in his travels in Tartary relating to the benevolent method of sending horses to travellers, as follows:—

"Sandara proposed to us a service of devotion for all travellers through the world. What is it?—You know, that a good many travellers find themselves on rugged

and toilsome roads. Some are holy lamas on a pilgrimage; and it often happens, that they cannot proceed, and we aid them by sending them horses. 'That,' said we, 'is an admirable custom, conformable with the principles of Christian charity; but we cannot participate in the good work,—we have only a horse and a little mule to carry us into Thibet.' He clapped his hands and burst into a loud laugh. He ran off, and soon returned with his hands filled with bits of paper, on which were figures of horses saddled and bridled, going at full gallop. Here are the horses, he said, which we send to travellers. We ascend a high mountain, and after prayer throw a packet into the air. The wind carries them, and by the power of Buddha they are changed into real horses, which offer themselves to the travellers."

Canto II. Stanza 42.

Since these lines were written, England, to her eternal honor has liberated all her slaves in the West Indies,—an act of humanity and justice to be attributed to the earnest efforts of her enlightened patriots and Christians.

But I blush to say, that in our American Republic the chains of slavery are every day growing stronger and stronger, and the territories devoted to slavery are growing wider and wider. In 1790, the slaves were less than 700,000; now they are nearly 4,000,000. Once the public sentiment, even at the South, was against the extension of slavery. Washington, in his last will, ordered his slaves to be emancipated on the

death of his wife. John Randolph bequeathed freedom to his numerous slaves. Patrick Henry declared his persuasion, that the principle of slavery is "as repugnant to humanity, as it is inconsistent with the Bible, and destructive to liberty." Mr. Jefferson said, in his Notes on Virginia, in reference to the holding of slaves, "I tremble for my country, when I remember, that God is just!"

But at the present moment all the States of the South are struggling, through the aid of the border-ruffians of Missouri, who are slave-holders, to render the territory of Kansas, which by the compromise act of 1820 was forever consecrated to freedom, a slave State, in order that the South may get the certain and lasting control of the government of our country. And I am not certain, that there is a voice in the whole South, which dares now to utter what her great men of clear intellect, embracing the principles of human freedom, in former days could not avoid honestly and loudly proclaiming.

In respect to the teaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ on this subject, one precept is in my view conclusive: "All things whatsoever ye would, that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." To an honest slave-holder, inquiring as to his duty, I would recommend, that he should meditate upon this precept, and answer to his own mind the following questions: 'Were you and your children slaves, would you not like to be free? Would you not wish your master to set you free?'

As to the import of the Constitution and the powers conferred by it on the General Government in regard to slavery, I know no higher authority, than the opinion of the late Mr. Webster. It was his judgment, 1. That the Constitution does not give the General Government any power to recover out of a State an escaped slave: it only declares the duty of a State to deliver up one escaped from labor or service "on claim of the party" to whom the labor and service are due. 2. That the Constitution gives the General Government power to refuse the admission into the Union of any new slave State. He said in Congress in 1845, "I do not think, that the Free States ever expected, that they should be called on to admit more Slave States, having the unequal advantages arising to them from the mode of apportioning representatives under the existing Constitution." In his speech at Buffalo he said, "I never would consent, that there should be one foot of slave territory beyond what the old 13 States had at the time of the foundation of the Union. Never, never!"

In a speech at New York, in 1837, he said, "When it is proposed to bring new members into this political partnership, the old members have a right to say, on what terms such new partners are to come in, and what they are to bring along with them."

If the free spirit of the fathers should govern their children, will they not, at this late hour, say, that no new States shall ever henceforth enter into our free Union "bringing along with them" human beings, immortal

men, as slaves? But those among us, who have travelled far into years and who have not forgotten the days of Washington, have the bitter, humiliating reflection, that while their memory reaches back to the period, when a band of strugglers for freedom reared up a free, republican government, those heroes and their families, all counted, are now equalled in numbers by the men among us, who wear the chains of a miserable slavery. Will not all good men labor and pray to God, that these chains may be broken?

If the result of the present contest, the most extraordinary and important, which our country ever witnessed, should be in favor of liberty, and Kansas should be added to the free States, and afterwards no new slave State should ever be added to the fifteen now in our Union of 31 States, still the huge mass of slavery will remain in our country, its reproach, its crime, its peril; removable — not by the action of the General Government, which has no authority as to slavery, as it exists, except in the District of Columbia, and in the Territories, and on that great highway, the ocean,—but only by the awakened conscience and recovered wisdom of the citizens of the slave-holding States. When the wise, and benevolent, and patriotic men of the South shall apply themselves to the work, they will not plead the danger of freedom; they cannot fail readily to discover the safe method of restoring liberty to their miserable brethren in bondage.

Canto II. Stanza 49.

Cicero believed the immortal existence of the soul, and in thinking of the hour, when his spirit should pass away from the earth and mingle with the spirits of the departed good and illustrious, he exclaimed: "O præclarum diem, cum ad illud divinum animorum concilium, cœtumque proficiscar, cumque ex hac turba et colluvione discedam!"

Canto III. Stanza 19.

The meaning of Waunseet in the Mohegan language is "the man, who is beautiful."

Canto III. Stanza 22.

My companions at the White Hills, nearly forty years ago, as I well remember, were Nathaniel H. Carter and Levi Woodbury. With our coats off we jumped over the Saco, there but a brook, and clambered up the rocky side of the mountain in pursuit of the crystals. The former was a scholar of a fine taste and a most amiable man, who died at Marseilles in 1830. He was the editor of papers in Albany and New York. His interesting letters from Europe, in 2 vols., were published in 1827. The latter, who died in 1851, was very distinguished in public life,— a Senator, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Treasury, and Judge of the Supreme Court. We found with pleasure the beryls on the hill; but in thinking of our dead friends the gems of earthly honor do not beam brightly on the eye.

Or Northern streamers play
Their wondrous frolics in their pure and bright array.
Canto III. st. 33.

Of the many beautiful displays of the Northern Lights, which I have witnessed, the most remarkable were those of Nov. 17, 1835, Aug. 12, 1836, Jan. 25, and July 1, 1837, Feb. 21, Sept. 14, 1838, and Sept. 3, 6, and 29, 1851. The broad bows across the northern heavens, with the masses of light shooting up from their borders, the rich crimson beams overspreading the sky, the rushing waves, the varying hues of the rapid streamers or merry dancers, mounting to the zenith from every point of the horizon, and near the zenith forming a crown as for the author of nature, could not fail to overwhelm me with wonder and delight.

Canto III. Stanza 35.

It is now fifty-two years, since in 1804, after a solitary ride of four or five hundred miles on horseback, I reached Buffalo, now a great city, but then a village of nineteen houses: at Black Rock, on the shore of the Niagara, I met a majestic Indian, the famous Red Jacket, or Saguoaha, who was attending his little granddaughter, as from a rock she cast her hook into the stream; and here by a ferry I crossed the river, and rode down to Chippeway and the Falls on the Canada side. I think it was in 1818, that the projecting shelf, known as Table Rock, fell into the abyss below; yet the general features of the shore are very little changed from what they were, when in my youth I gazed upon them.

The heavens every day and every night present to the eyes of all men the most magnificent and the sublimest objects; but of the things of the earth among the sublimest, which I have been permitted to see, I may mention the Falls of the Niagara, the great lakes of the West and the Atlantic ocean of the East, the view from the top of Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, and at Mont Alvert at the foot of Mont Blanc in Switzerland. Of the beautiful scenes of the earth, that, which delights the eye from the top of Mount Holyoke, which lifts itself up before the window of my house, in which I write, is one of the most beautiful.

Canto III. Stanza 36.

It was in 1812, that Mrs. Sarah Cumming, the wife of Rev. Hooper Cumming, of Newark, fell from the rocks at the Patterson Falls of the Passaic into the gulf below. She was with her husband, and had been married but a few weeks.

Methinks the praise of war I could recite.

Canto III. st. 54.

The author was among the half dozen of Delegates from Massachusetts, who in August 1849 attended the large Peace Congress at Paris, consisting of many hundred members from England, Scotland, and several countries of the Continent. Louis Napoleon was then the President of the Republic: to him the Congress sent a committee with some good resolutions relating to the proportional disbanding by the nations of Europe of

their costly armies and the settlement of national difficulties by arbitration. He received the Committee with good words, and one of his ministers made a grand entertainment for the whole Congress, and treated their ears with martial music from a band of a hundred players.

When soon afterwards the President, by the aid of the soldiery, and at the expense of much blood, made himself the Emperor of France, what became of the scholarly, eloquent, and illustrious presiding officer of our peace company, Victor Hugo? He was banished from his country, driven into exile, through fear of his influence in favor of liberty; and thus he remains, while the triumphant aspirant to a crown lives in high communion with the kings of Europe and has just finished the sacrifice of one or two hundred thousand strong-bodied Frenchmen at Sebastopol, whose lives would have been spared, if our good peace advice had been followed.

I cannot doubt, but the illustrious exile will in this moment of triumph, of exultation, and of composure be recalled to his beloved France. Indeed, the Emperor has nothing to fear from him, for henceforth his political life is over, and there is left to him only the life of a scholar.

At the moment of writing this, May 13th, with great joy I am able to say, that only twenty days ago Victor Hugo reappeared in the city of Paris,—not indeed personally, but in the heart-born book of 'Contemplations' in two volumes, a whole edition of which was sold in one day. How is it possible, that his delighted readers will

not be allowed very soon to welcome him in person, as he shall come to dwell for the remainder of his days in his own beautiful city?

This book contains his poetry of a quarter of a century, written between 1830 and 1855, poems of joy and of sorrow;—and they are written, as all poetry should be written, from the heart. He says in his preface—"What are the Contemplations? If the expression was not too assuming, they might be called the Memoirs of a Soul. And my life is yours; your life is mine: you live what I live; destiny is one. Take then this mirror, and in it look upon yourself."

This, I am persuaded, is the right conception of the most effective poetry. If the I is banished; if the poet hides himself; if the poet's heart feels not and his tongue speaks not, mere abstractions will not have a controlling power over the soul. The poet must utter his own heart-felt conceptions; and they must be right and true and worthy of being uttered.

Hugo speaks of sorrow—"the true, sole sorrow, Death; the loss of loved ones." As I have not read his book, I know not what are his sources of consolation; but as I can sympathize with him in his sorrow, even in his precise sorrow of the loss of an eldest daughter, accomplished and in the bloom of youth,—and perhaps sympathize the more, because she was of French descent, inheriting the Huguenot name of Malleville, a name dear to me beyond that of all others—so I commend him, not to any vain and idle philosophy, but to the grace of the living, enthroned Redeemer of sinners, through

whose death and resurrection "life and immortality are brought to light."

Canto IV. Stanza 1.

In the town of East Hoosuck, now Adams, a fort was built in 1742, called Fort Massachusetts, designed to intercept the French and Indians, who by the way of the Hudson and the Hoosuck might wish to attack the settlements on the Connecticut. This fort, with only twenty-two effective men, under Col. Hawks, was captured by 8 or 900 of the enemy under Gen. De Vaudreuil, Aug. 22, 1746, after Hawks had exhausted his ammunition in a two days' brave defence of his post. Of the captured was John Norton, the chaplain. As the fort was rebuilding the next year an attack was made, in which a friendly Indian from Stockbridge was killed. Col. Williams defended the fort Aug. 2, 1748, against 200 of the enemy; he was killed at Lake George in Sept. 1755. Again was the fort attacked June 7, 1756.

Canto IV. Stanza 2.

Mr. Stevens and Miss Piercy were, in 1755, fleeing from Pittsfield on one horse. At the south part of Lenox, near a ledge of rocks, he was shot by the Indians and fell, while she rode away on the same horse and reached Stockbridge in safety.

Canto IV. Stanza 13.

George Sackville, or Lord George Germain, one of the King's Ministers, in his letter of instructions to Sir

Guy Carlton, 1777, says, it was the King's determination to employ most of his forces "upon two expeditions, the one under Lieut. Gen. Burgoyne, who is to force his way to Albany; the other under Lieut. Col. St. Leger, who is to make a diversion by way of the Mohawk River. As this plan cannot be so advantageously executed without the assistance of the Canadians and INDIANS, his Majesty strongly recommends to your care to furnish both expeditions with good and sufficient bodies of those men."

In the last manifesto of the British Commissioners in 1778, they say, that if the terms of peace are rejected by the United States, "they were to expect more severe expressions of British vengeance." This called forth indignant comments in Parliament. The Marquis of Buckingham declared it "a proclamation contrary to humanity, to Christianity, and to every idea of virtuous policy." The Bishop of Peterborough said, "that in the account of the extraordinaries of the army for the last year, charges were made for the tomahawk and scalping-knife, that is for the Indians in our service exercising their horrid butcheries." Lord Camden said, "the declaration in the proclamation held forth a war of revenge, such as Moloch in pandemonium of hell advised." Mr. Burke said, 'the extremes of war' threatened, "meant the killing man, woman, and child, burning their houses, ravaging their lands, annihilating humanity from off the face of the earth, or rendering life so wretched, that death would be preferable. And this dreadful menace was against men conscious of rectitude, who acted in a

good cause, and stood to fight for freedom and their country." The dark-minded Germain was obliged to hear all this, and "attempted to soften and explain away the rigor of the expressions." A venal majority in Parliament prevented the vote of censure; but thirty-one of the House of Lords entered their protest against "the return of that ferocity, which a beneficial religion, enlightened manners, and true military honor had for a time banished the Christian world." In the phrase, 'true military honor,' there was a point of great keenness to a man, who, though now as the Secretary, managing the scalping-knife war in America, had for his misconduct in the battle of Minden been solemnly adjudged incapacitated for any military office whatever.

The next year after Lord George Germain had directed the employment of the Indians, Col. John Butler, a Tory refugee, with 900 Indians and 200 whites, destroyed in July, 1778, Wyoming, on the Susquehanna, in Pennsylvania, the savages committing a horrible massacre. There were 200 widows made in one day. Charles Miner, in his copious history of Wyoming, 1845, gives a minute description of the horrors of the savage torture and murder of the prisoners, and of the flight in the wilderness of women and children.

The writer, long ago an admirer, like our young scholars, of the style of the Letters of Junius, was at length led by curiosity to examine with great attention several books on the authorship of those celebrated Letters; and in his view the evidence was satisfactory and conclusive, as unfolded by G. Coventry in 1825, in

his Critical Enquiry into the Letters of Junius, that Lord George Sackville was the author; and here perhaps the writer may be excused for saying, that he himself was the author of a small anonymous book, published at Boston, in 1828, by Hilliard, Gray, Little & Wilkins, entitled 'Junius Unmasked,' restating briefly the existing arguments and furnishing many new ones to prove Sackville to be the author. If the proof is good, there is no mistake in ascribing the savage though polished Letters of Junius to the mind of the King's Minister, who, in order to conquer the stubborn Americans, instructed Sir Guy Carlton to employ the Indians with their tomahawks and scalping-knives, and skill in slow tortures.

Canto IV. Stanza 37.

As Jonathan Edwards was the name of both father and son, and as each was the President of a College, they are apt to be confounded. The father was the President of Nassau Hall, Princeton, and died in 1758; the son was the President of Union College, Schenectady, and died in 1801. He had the title of Doctor in Theology, which his father had not, although he was the illustrious teacher of theological and metaphysical learning. The father was the missionary to the Stockbridge Indians, though it was the son, who published 'Observations on the Mohegan Language.' The works of President Edwards were published by his descendant, Dr. Sereno E. Dwight, with his life, in 10 vols.: the works of Dr. Edwards, the son, were published in 2 vols.

OF THE MOHEGAN LANGUAGE.

The Mohegan, as explained by Dr. Edwards, who acquired it in childhood, when his father was a missionary in the Hoosatunnuk Valley, was briefly as follows: It abounds in labials, of which the Mohawk is destitute; as the Mohawks never closed their lips, they used to boast, that they kept their mouths open, while they spoke, and other Indians did not. The same words express he and she, him and her: a man would say of his wife, 'he sick; he gone away.' To a noun an is added to express his; as wnechun, child; wnechunan, his child. The plural is formed by the addition of k or uk, as nemannau, a man, nemannauk, men; penumpausoo, a boy, penumpausoouk, boys. An elder and a younger brother are distinguished by the two words, netohcon and ngheesum; and so sisters are distinguished by nmass and ngheesum. The younger brother and sister are denoted by the same word. The Mohegans have no use for adjectives to express qualities, which is done by neuter verbs, as wnissoo, he is beautiful; mtissoo, he is homely. They suffer no inconvenience from this loss of adjectives. As their active verbs are declined, so are these verbs of qualities; as npumseh, I walk; kpumseh, thou walkest; npumsehnuh, he walketh; npumsehnuh, we walk; kpumsehmuh, ye walk; pumissoouk, they walk: so npehtuhquissoo, I am tall; kpehtuhquisseh, thou art tall; pehtuhquissoo, he is tall, &c. They have participles, as

paumseet, the man who walks; oioteet, the man who fights. They have no relatives like our who and which: instead of the man who walks, they say, the walking man or the walker. By adverbs they express degrees, as annuweeweh wnissoo, he is more beautiful; kahnuh wnissoo, he is very beautiful. They have prefixes and affixes like the Hebrews, and sometimes both. They have no absolute word, as father, but always say, nogh, my father; kogh, thy father, &c. They cannot say I love, but I love him or her; nor say, John loves Peter, but John he loves him Peter, John uduhwhunuw Peteran. As Neah is I; Keah, thou; Uwoh, he, this man; so n or ne is prefixed to denote the first person; k or ka to denote the second; and u or uw, or oo suffixed to denote the third. The plural has the suffix nuh, as noghnuh, our father. Neaunuh means we, keauwuh means ye.

The following are the principal Mohegan words, as used in the Hoosatunnuk Valley, which have been preserved.

Air, *Auwon.*
Autumn, *T'quauquuh.*
Bad, *Machtit.*
Bean, *Tupohquaun.*
Bear, *M'quoh.*
He is beautiful, *Wnissoo.*
She is beautiful, *Wunnissoo.*
The man who is beautiful, *Waunseet.*
Beaver, *Amisk.*
Book, *Oothoohhagaun.*
Boy, *Penumpausoo.*
Elder brother, *Netohcon.*
Elder brothers, *Netohconuk.*
His child, *Wnechun.*
Cloud, *M'taucq.*
Cold, *T'hauthu.*
Indian corn, *Shamonun.*
Coward, *Matansautee.*

You are a coward, *Kmattanissauteuh.*
Daughter, *O'toosaun.*
Dawn, *Pautaupon.*
A day, *Waukaumauw.*
Dead, or he is dead, *Neepoo*, or *nboo.*
I die, *Nup.*
To die, *Nip.*
A duck, *Queechamo.*
Ear, *Towohq.*
East, *Wauchunoong.*
I eat, *Nmeetseh.*
Thou eatest, *Kmeetseh.*
He eateth, *Meetsoo.*
Eat thou, *Meetseh.*
Eight, *Ghusooh.*
Evening, *T'haughesu*, or *'Oonaugooshik.*
Eye, *Hkeesk.*
His eyes, *Ukeesquan.*
Our father, *Noghnuh.*
My father, *Nogh.*
Thy father, *Kogh.*
I fight, *Ndiotuwoh.*
The fighter, *Oiteet.*
Fire, *Stauw.*
Fish, *Namas*, or *namase.*
Four, *Nauwoh.*
Girl, *Peesquausoo.*
You are a girl, *Kpeesquasooeh.*
Give it him, *Meenuh.*
God, *Pautaumouwoth.*
He goes, *Pumissoo.*
Good, *Wunneet.*
Good for nothing, *Mtit.*
Goose, *Wapaso.*
My grandchild, *Naughees.*
Great, or he is great, *Machaak.*
Hail, *Sassagua.*
Hair, *Weghaukun.*
My hand, *Nnisk.*
Thy hand, *Knisk.*
His hand, *Unisk.*
Handsome, *Wunnitt.*
Hatchet, *Tmohhecan.*
My hatchet, *Ndumhecan.*
Thy hatchet, *Ktumhecan.*
His hatchet, *Utumhecan.*
Your hatchet, *Ktumhecannoowuh.*
He, *Uwoh.*
His head, *Utup*, also *Weensis.*
His heart, *Utoh.*
Hill, *Gh'aukoock.*
He is homely, *Mtisissoo.*
House, *Weekuwuhm.*
Husband, *W'ghaun.*

Her husband, *Waughecheh.*
I, *Neah.*
Ice, *M'quaumeek, Mooquaumeh.*
Impostor, or he is an impostor, *Mtissoo.*
Indian corn, *Skammonun.*
Island, *M'nauhaun.*
Dress the kettle, or make a fire, *Pootouwah.*
King, *Kioweenooh.*
Lake, *'Pquaughon.*
Light, *Waunthaujouw.*
Lightning, *Waywassimo.*
Love, *Uhwhundowukon.*
I love thee, *Ktuhwhunin.*
I love you, *Ktuhwhunoohmuh.*
Malice, *Nsconmowukon.*
He is malicious, *Nsconmoo.*
A man, *Nemannauoo.*
He is a man, *Nemannauwoo.*
Marry, *Weenween.*
Men, *Nemannauk.*
Moon, *Nepauhauck.*
Month, *Geezis.*
More, *Anuweeweh.*
Morning, *Naujaupauwew* or *Keegeezhaib.*
Mother, *O'kegaun.*
Mountain, *W'chu, W'hauchoo.*
Good for nought, *Mtit.*
Night, *P'quaunaujouh,* or *T',* &c.
Nine, *Nauneeweh.*
Noon, *Nauwuckway.*
North, *Keewaydenoong.*
Old man, *'Kchee.*
Partridge, *Pahpahcogh.*
Queen, *Sunck.*
Rain, *Sookanoun* or *Thocknaun,* and *Kimewun.*
Rainbow, *Anuquaun.*
Religion, *Perjuhtommauwukon.*
River, *Seepoo,* or *Theepow.*
Rock, *Thanaumku.*
The sea, *Ktaunnauppeh.*
Shoe, *Mkissin.*
I sing, *Nachgo chema.*
Sit down, *Mattipeh.*
Sky, *Onauwauk.*
Snow, *Psaun* or *Psaune* and *M'sauneeh.*
South, *Oshawanoong.*
Star, *Anocksuk.*
Stockbridge, *Wnoghquetookoke.*
Summer, *Neepon.*

Sun, *Keesogh*, also a month.
Ten, *Mtannit.*
Thou art tall, *Kpehtuhquisseh.*
He is tall, *Pehtuhquissoo.*
Ye are tall, *Kpehtuhquissehmuh.*
His teeth, *Wepeeton.*
Thou, *Keah.*
Thunder, *Pautquauhan*, and *Annemeekee.*
Tree, *Machtok.*
Two, *Neesoh.*
He is ugly, *Machtill.*
My uncle, *Nsees.*
Very, *Kahnuh.*
To walk, *Anneh.*
I walk, *Npumseh.*
Thou walkest, *Kpumseh.*
He walking, *Paumseet.*
Ye walk, *Kpumsehmuh.*
Walk thou, *Pumisseh.*
We, *Neaunnuh.*
West, *Caubeunoong.*
White people, *Chuckopek.*
Wife, *Weewone.*
Wind, *Ksaughon.*
Winter, *Poon*, or *Hpoon.*
A Woman, *P'ghainoom.*
Ye, *Keauwuh.*
Yesterday, *Wnukuwoh.*
Young man, *Eeowthkenooh.*

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As the first poetical piece in this volume is a dedication to my wife, and the last relates to her death, so this last Note is, in the providence of God, not foreign to her. In the course of printing, the stereotype-plate proof sheet of the lines on her death, which was June 3, 1828, came to me yesterday, on the memorable day, June 3, 1856; and on the same evening a grandchild, two years old, Harriet, daughter of Rev. John Wheelock Allen of Wisconsin, died in my house, being seized only the preceding evening by scarlatina. She is to be placed in the

grave by the side of two other grandchildren of the ages of five and six years, victims to the same plague, who a few days ago died in a neighboring house, John and Charlotte, children of Erastus and Charlotte Hopkins. In my sorrow in the loss of these three beautiful children,—my daily delight in my old age,—I find a source of joy in the persuasion, that 'the elect angels' have conveyed their spirits to the arms of my Malleville, and thus perhaps added to her bliss in the presence of her Redeemer. Mourners of the earth! May God in his mercy allow you to cherish the hope of a re-union, in joy uninterrupted, with those, whom you mourn. Farewell.

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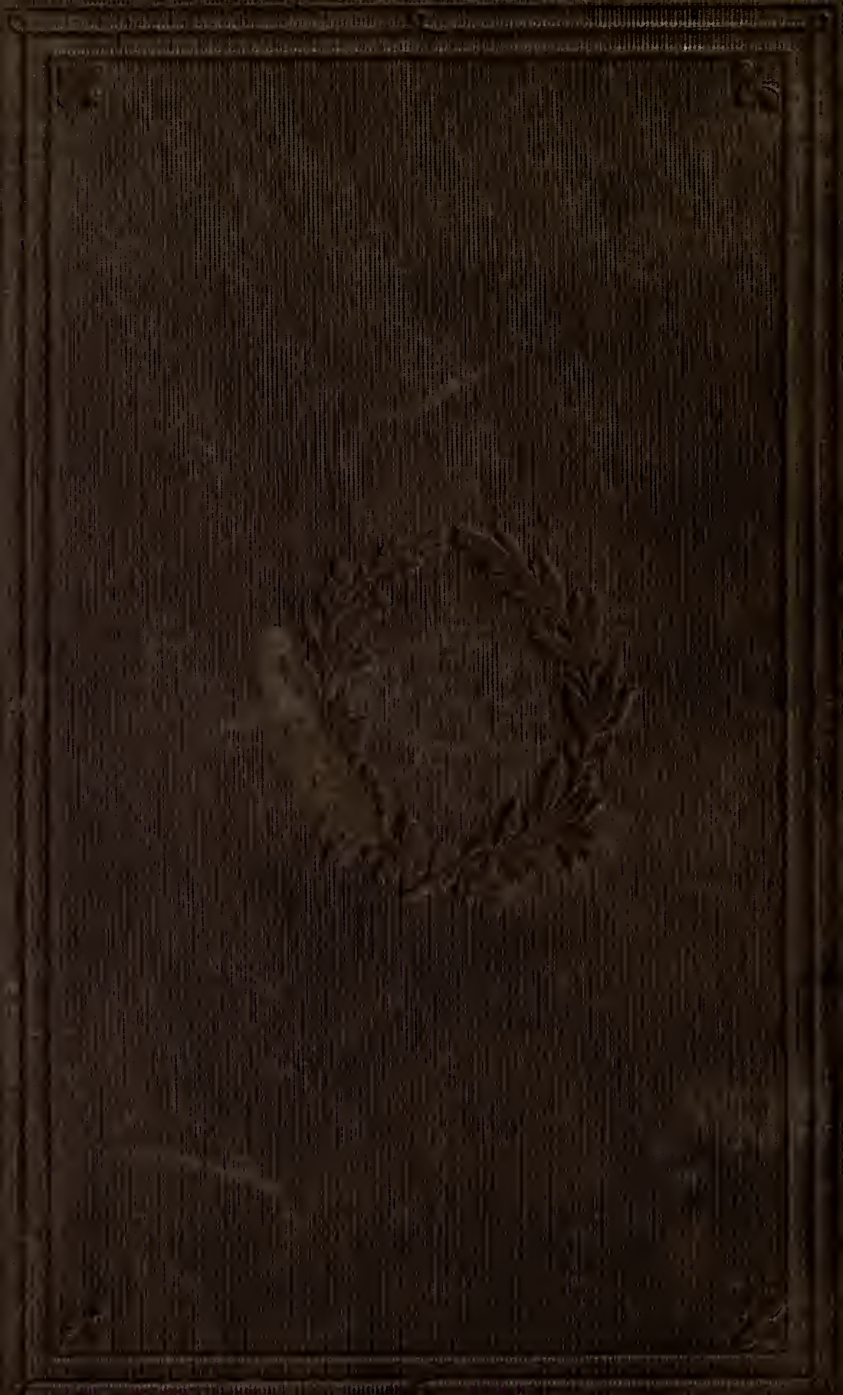
PS
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